Thomas Dethick

Henry Seymour
Ao 1834.

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THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

CONTAINING ALL HIS

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

Now first Collected and Published together

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ALSO AN

ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE

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THE

HIND

AND THE

PANTHER.

A POEM.

In THREE PARTS.

——Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

PREFACE
To the READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and tho conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church by

law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty of conſcience to diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide, there are many of our ſects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come over to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gun-ſhot. Our phyſicians have obſerved, that, in proceſs of time ſome diſeaſes have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by

comfortable experience, that the doctrine of perſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the diſſenters, in their addreſſes to his majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has reſtored God to his empire over "conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe, whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that

they ſuffered not before for conſcience-ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a chriſtian king, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them, that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter, and the beginning of this ſpring; tho with long

interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad: which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labor of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in ſome hope, that the church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teſt, which was one deſign of the poem, when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended: I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacked in print: and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe, who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutcheſs (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider whether

he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe, whom he pretended to anſwer; and at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh; I believe I may ſay in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; tho with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late highneſs died not a Roman Catholick. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he

may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mrs. James, to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavored to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, tho I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, tho they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other: at

which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowlege, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE

HIND and the PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death tho fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, tho from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power her company disdain'd;
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.

For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.
The bloody bear, an independent beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon ape as atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all ſects, and had his own to chuſe:
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled baptiſt boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race:
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage, which he made
In German foreſts, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:

His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And nature's king thro nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God deſcry,
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient witneſs can prevail,
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?
But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide?
Thy throne is darkneſs in the abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandering fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?

Can I believe eternal God could lie
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body thro the oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wonderouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain,
One ſingle place two bodies did contain.
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded, that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all thoſe wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal ſon.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take the unuſeful ſcaffolding away.
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel, which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed:
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſuer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.

But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe th'insatiate wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more.
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
The bear, the boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, tho in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:

The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race;
Becauſe of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his conſort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius firſt th'affection bred,
And meagre Calvin bleſt the nuptial bed.
In Iſrael ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud ſanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince,
Or, ſince he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conſpire
From Moſes' hand the ſovereign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to diveſt:
'Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And could not bear the burden of a claſs.
The fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild curs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and ſtate have you redreſs'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampled down,
Your fangs you faſten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What tho your native kennel ſtill be ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monſters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſour herbage riſes on the green;
So, ſpringing where thoſe midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blaſphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the ſkies, is plac'd,
And kings, like ſlaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſom is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for phyſic uſe.

As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:

Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th'inferior family of heaven:
The ſmith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at laſt to human race,
The Godhead took a deep conſidering ſpace;
And to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt;
And mercy mixt with reaſon did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, iſſuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t'o'ertake them in their flight:
Of eaſy ſhape, and pliant every way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:

With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowlege miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of empire ſour'd his balmy blood.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its firſt and loudeſt cry,
For differing worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the ſheep and harmleſs hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the Britiſh lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th'invading foe.

Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, tho pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.

The Panther ſure the nobleſt, next the Hind,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me ſpeak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to ſhare her wandring heart.
Tho unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who ſins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming platoniſts report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the ſky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.

A ſecond century not half-way run,
Since the new honors of her blood begun.
A lion old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacrilege and ſhe,
A well match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſy.
God's and kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike deſtructive both to church and ſtate:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide,
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd!
Where marriage pleaſures midnight prayer ſupply
And mattin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increaſe and multiply.
Religion ſhews a roſy-color'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

What fleſh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, 'till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Tho our lean faith theſe rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Muſſulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of ſenſe allur'd his eaſtern proſelytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret ſcriptures by his alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradiſe more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneaſy travelling alone;
And, in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th' etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd, and bat'ning on their food, to ſhow
Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, tho like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The croſier weilded, and the mitre wore.

Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
Was Calvin's brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, tho not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe deform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join;
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign,
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join.
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd;

The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive:
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgment, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The literal ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

Her wild belief on every wave is toſt;
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt:
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That intereſt or obligement made the tye.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
Before the ſounding ax ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine,
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortune's favors are undone;
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.

Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Iſgrim's counſel, her new-choſen mate;
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey,
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe, who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by text, e'en that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in power ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain,
And by that ſcripture, which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation, ſtands herſelf accus'd.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But scripture may be construed to defend?
E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;

Whom ſoon by lawful power ſhe might controul,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

One evening, while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe, whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.
More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighb'ring flood.

The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durſt approach; 'till with an awful roar
The ſovereign lion bad her fear no more:
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.

Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.

For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.

After ſome common talk what rumors ran,
The lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

The SECOND PART.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
Th' incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there;
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.

As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the ſland'rous tongues that call'd you ſo.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,
Your ſalvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?.
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.

A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and intereſt will prevail with ſome;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The cannon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain would ſee
That wond'rous wight Infallibility.

Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come:
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean Rome?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppoſe, tho I diſown it, ſaid the Hind,
The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd:
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe philoſophers may diſagree,
If ſight be emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in univerſals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils muſt reſide;
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted ſenſe the church relies.
'Tis true, ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The church's after-acceptation join.
This laſt circumference appears too wide;
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;

As members, by their repreſentatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and ſenate gives.
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace:
In pope and council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe canons all the needful points contain;
Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the laboring world perplex'd.
If any ſhould in after-times appear,
New councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Becauſe in them the power ſupreme reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who, ſetting councils, pope and church aſide,
Are every man his own preſuming guide.
The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read interpreters may be:
Thus, tho your ſeveral churches diſagree,
Yet every ſaint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of this philoſophic ſtone:

Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
When differing doctors and diſciples fight.
Tho Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horſes ſeveral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the chriſtian world;
Each Jehu laſhing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe;
No matter what diſſenſion leaders make,
Where ev'ry private man may ſave a ſtake:
Rul'd by the ſcripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wond'rous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Tho reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, ſaid the Panther, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:

Tho Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal God-head diſavow?
And did not theſe by goſpel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the ſcriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That ſtrong debate? was it by ſcripture try'd?
No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marſhal'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo?

The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther ſmil'd at this; And when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
Friend, ſaid the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on ſcripture found;
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, ſaid the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet them by the rule, and, as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
(Hind) The council ſteer'd, it ſeems, a different courſe;
They try'd the ſcripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the ſcripture try;
Purſu'd by ſects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.

The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the ſcripture, not the ſcripture you.
Thus, ſaid the dame, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
And ſcripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to ſcripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labor loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus, when you ſaid, Tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the ſcripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.

If not by ſcriptures, how can we be ſure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where ev'ry age does on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the ſkies.

Sternly the ſavage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And ſaid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for ſweet;
But from the wolf ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authors uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;

'Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, 'till elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'reſt, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide;
And fathers too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand.

But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd ſenate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we muſt fix on church authority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is antichriſt by antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.

For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under church-command,
Straight they forſake their color, and diſband.

Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all-ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.

Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt;
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.

This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow
To spread their faith, they spread their labors too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,

For

For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
For this obscurity could heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter.

Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what th' apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors riſe
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And, ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtering ſores her councils heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal;
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with ſubordination to her guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.
Shall then the Teſtament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;

The field of battle, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there:
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe, the fair apoſtate ſaid, I grant,
The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chace purſue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew.
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words--"ſhe whom ye ſeek am I."
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
And end as it began in anarchy:

Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-general of the land:
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſov'reignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed:
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take
Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the ſcriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which every ſect will for themſelves expound;
Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctors due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey.

But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, 'till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a diff'rent ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral churches diſagree.
The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt ordain.

In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery;
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide;
And face to face diſſenſions would increaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd:
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;

Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown;
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight;
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt,
With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;
But ſtrive t'evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty Father ſate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions, at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound:
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their creator's will.

But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper thro the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.

Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that to aſſert ſpiritual royalty.

One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but found,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the church, and muſt be to be true:

One central principle of unity.
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land;
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishoneſt sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.

The goſpel-ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.

Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common-ſewers we uſe,
And thro our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt;
Thieves, pandars, paillards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.

Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And ſet a public price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked
ſhame.

Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we
view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
The ambitious title of apoſtolic:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.

'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her,
yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.
We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.

Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd,
Till ſchiſm or hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike,
Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſy.

If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſhood, for ſo long a ſpace,
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
Drown'd in the abyſs of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his ſon:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.
Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-beloved Benjamin.

That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold.

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies; a chearful azure light:
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night:
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News, which three laboring nations did restore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapors rose, and dews unwholsom fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all-flaming red;

She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, travelling ſo late,
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,

Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;
A God victorious-of a Stygian race
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.
The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, tho ill habits are not soon controul'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold.

But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

The THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
'Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, tho untam'd,
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met,
Mean-while ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, tho but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honors of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme;
Remembring every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:

Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength to endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honorable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſons, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.

I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's day.

This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight:
Ambition, intereſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound:
But ſtrove with anodynes to aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold;
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If other's good were injury to you:

Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honor of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.
The labor'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.

Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world woul'd think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, tho ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.

You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead,
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line:
They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.

Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Tho moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For tho they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.

Think you your new French proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar;
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:

The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Tho largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt:

I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the reformation round,
No treatiſe of humility is found.
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant.
No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.
Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples higher would change their note,
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat.

Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold:
Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay ſmall attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For ſilently they beg who daily wait.
Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur, had they leſs.
But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door.
Unpity'd Hudibraſs, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
"He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives.

This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in ſight
His equal match, he rouzes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honors of the day,
Walks over and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.

This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,

Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewel to worldly ſame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honor ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.
Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too:
That, ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his ſov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he who counſell'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend.
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccor found,
The foe diſcharges every tire around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.

Now laſt your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A treatiſe of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought,
Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.

The fam'd original thro Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore or practiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd.
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let the abetters of the Panther's crime.
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight,
A ſpotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The ſavage, tho ſhe ſaw her plea controul'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife,
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhould follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;

The

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself if interest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth.
When interest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honor to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;

Diſdain of fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controul,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not propheſy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.

For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.

Nay, no miſchance, the ſavage dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Tho 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.

From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endu'd with particles of soul divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:
Till frowning skies began to change their chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings and trust themselves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Next morn they roſe, and ſet up every ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivering on the ſhore,
Abhor'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.

With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never underſtood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, ſooth to ſay, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houſhold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.

Beſides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not; ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price;
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.

To ſtrengthen this he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, but many ages yet,
In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.

The paſſage yet was good ; the wind 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails too dry.
But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
'Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear;
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.

The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:
For Martin much devotion did not aſk;
They pray'd ſometimes and that was all their taſk.
It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiſſes, or for Gibeonites deſign'd,)

Theſe lubbers, peeping thro a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighboring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade:

And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;
But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple in so short a space,
That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.
Their ancient houses running to decay,
Are furbish'd up and cemented with clay;
They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
To plant abroad and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
The rest would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn;

Which by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the virgin balance ſhould remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe;
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came; no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round,
No neighboring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccor to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl;
She ſpread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
'Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.

The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:
But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corps unbleſs'd, is hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.

But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part;
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſumm'd their ſcandals up by centuries.
But thro your parable I plainly ſee
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not; the charge concerns not you:
Your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Tho heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument again.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and kings deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love;
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigor ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuff'ring brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.

Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines;
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt reformers coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the teſt would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember, that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſov'reign lord;
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſheir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering a fright;

Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now when time has made th'impoſture plain,
(Late tho he follow'd truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the ſov'reign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.

Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt;
They need but rub their mettle on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs
The droſs of atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
The papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the ſubject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.

Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.

To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;

Well

Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd in forma pauperis;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th'Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavor, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd;
I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard;

These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sov'reign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your sov'reign bound to send the tide:

Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And make a wiſe alliance with her foes.
Can Conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame.
But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O Proteus conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
The ſeeming Gordian knot would ſoon unty;
Immortal powers the term of Conſcience know,
But Intereſt is her name with men below.

Conſcience or Intereſt be't, or both in one,
(The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone)
The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our teſt excludes your tribe from benefit.

Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withſtood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow;
Your all-diſpenſing power protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the Hind, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You would poſtpone me to another reign;
'Till when you are content to be unjuſt:
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance.
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
Who will not now repeal, would perſecute.

To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend.
For ſhame let Conſcience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatning floods and inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea;
And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow,
Your ground is, like your neighbor-nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe;
And argues that the true religion lies
In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.

Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear;
The ſound is frightful in a chriſtian's ear:
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
Thoſe prayers are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppreſs'd,
Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccors the diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open breaſt.

He ſtands in day-light, and diſdains to hide
An act, to which by honor he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore;
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well, ſaid the Panther, I believe him juſt,
And yet ——
And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt;
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The Hind thus briefly; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On power of kings, and their ſuperior charge,
As heaven's truſtees before the people's choice:
Tho ſure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear thoſe echos given of her once loyal voice.
The matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win; her hour of grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree?

The dame reply'd: 'Tis ſung in ev'ry ſtreet,
The common chat of goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholſome tale, tho told in homely ſtyle.
A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At land and ſea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oftner drew his ſword, and always for the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, tho late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent;
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his Hinds; their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was aukward at a trick.
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.

Falſe friends, his deadlieſt foes, could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs, to betray :
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd ;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
For proſp'rous honeſty is ſeldom ſeen
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.

This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd ;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd ;
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone,
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own ;
A ſort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Tho ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind ;

Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on ſalt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That houſe which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord:
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The pref'rence was but due to Levi's kind:
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to heaven's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Tho 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were
starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en tho they were not doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they
brought:
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the
flower.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corps impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.

Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:
Tho hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruiſe of water and an ear of corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A ſheaf in every ſingle grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbors ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt.
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.
Good ſenſe in ſacred worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd walls.

Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And ſiſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtiff world to God,
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how wond'rouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe,
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
For vice, tho frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colors true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.

All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter-crowded Pigeon-hall:
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adorning ſhrines, and ſtocks of ſainted trees;
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancor in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow;
With groundleſs fears, and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But intereſt will not truſt, tho God ſhould plight his word.
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;

But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt, or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed:
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſovereign was of ſubjects uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th'effects of ſo unnatural a law:
But ſtill the dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbors good;
And which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays;

And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wiſe.

After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them with his head aſide,
That deſp'rate cures muſt be to deſp'rate ills apply'd:
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' increaſing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Muſquet, and the Coyſtrel were too weak,

Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cram'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſov'reign ſway:
Petition him t'accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent.
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, aud a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard, was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height:

Like

Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd; and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his compliment;
But by reverſe of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no ſov'reign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.

When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For courteſies, tho undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcow'rs the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is the captain of the teſt,
Tho half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor ſighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the preſs:
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
E'en atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the ſtews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.

That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute:
No rigor of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their ſovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of ſoul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Tho naming not the patron, to infer
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.

But when th' imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find.
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
Crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.

But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect,
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples
builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common int'reſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty-place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs :
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed the ſecret ſpoils of peace.

'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, tho too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate :
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour ;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power :
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race ;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight :
But each have ſep'rate int'reſts of their own ;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food ;
Already he has taſted Pigeons blood :
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home ;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,

They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling
feaſt.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

POEM on the PRINCE,

Born on the Tenth of JUNE, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe, who came to pray.
Juſt on the day, when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in its northern progreſs run,
He bended forward, and even ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the buſineſs of his longeſt morn;
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly ſummer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to chear,
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes th' auſpicious heir,
This age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.

Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend;
But when his wond'rous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a bleſſing to ſo good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt;
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire ſhar'd,
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail ſon of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change th' inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye ſeraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honors of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this ſon an auſpice to the new.

Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if alluſions may not riſe ſo high
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The ſnakes beſieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For oppoſition makes a hero great.
To needful ſuccor all the good will run,
And Jove aſſert the godhead of his ſon.

O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging yourſelves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A bleſſing ſent you in your own deſpight.
The manna falls, yet that celeſtial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.

May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild;
Or if it be, may Moſes live at leaſt,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd reſt.
Tho poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven his footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wond'rous in his ways,
The riſe of empires, and their fall ſurveys;
More, might I ſay, than with an uſual eye,
He ſees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the ſouls of ſaints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the ſign,
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Conſtantine:
The moon grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her train of ſtars have loſt their light.
Behold another Sylveſter, to bleſs
The ſacred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs;
Large of his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine;
(The former too was of the Britiſh line)

Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whoſe exile many ſought, and few oppos'd?
O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit thoſe evils, that this good might come?
So manifeſt, that e'en the moon-ey'd ſects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.
To dream that chance his preſervation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
Or the ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
To people earth, and to reſtore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majeſtic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
On the fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:
If the firſt opening page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th'unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how thro the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;

But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
Breath'd honor on his eyes, and her own purple light.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.

But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th'ætherial hoſts,
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou, th'adopted patron of our iſle,
With chearful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did th'avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill-increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the ſtill impending teſt,
And worſe---but charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt thro their native ſoil:
A harveſt ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early ſaints one womb has given ;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven :
Let them for his, and our atonement go ;
And reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreſhow'd
His wonted courſe, the ſea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing :
The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhivering ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er ?
Behold him at Araunah's threſhing-floor :
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebuſite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys ſincere ;
No future ills nor accidents appear,
To ſully and pollute the ſacred infant's year.
Five months to diſcord and debate were given :
He ſanctifies the yet remaining ſeven.
Sabbath of months ! henceforth in him be bleſt,
And prelude to the realms perpetual reſt !
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone ;
Luſtrations for offences not his own.

Let Conſcience, which is Int'reſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptiz'd.

Un-nam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to fame:
Is there a ſtrife in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe,
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues, and faſcinating eyes;
This iſle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven ſhall make him known;
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was
grown.

As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;

So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
The face of heaven, and our young sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.

Here black rebellion ſhooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the ſons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! ſo low were driven
The ſaints, as hardly to defend their heaven.
As, when pent vapors run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our ſouls; till, ſlow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty bleſſing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers reſtor'd.
So ere the Shunamite a ſon conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A ſon was ſent, the ſon ſo much deſir'd;
But ſoon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled ſeer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſt'ral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
'Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul return'd.
Thus mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.

As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honors of his head;
And ſoon reſtor'd by native vigor, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt:
For heaven will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may paſs,
With ſparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morſels, and delays them long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding-garment on the gueſt?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;

Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent, tho his ark was there.
Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James and Mary, and the church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the choſen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day.
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere,
Beyond the ſunny walks, and circling year:

You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Tho beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That tho the longeſt day would ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let angels voices with their harps conſpire,
But keep th' auſpicious infant from the choir;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know,
No ſweeter muſic than his cries below.

Nor can I wiſh to you, great monarch, more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore;
The day which gave this unit, did not ſhine
For a leſs omen, than to fill the trine.
After a prince, an admiral beget;
The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.

Our isle has younger titles still in store,
And when th'exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of great your martial mind will suit;
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And, in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you.
A prince's favors but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conqu'rors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be Gods presum'd;
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shun'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The power, from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being even the damn'd enjoy;

And yet heaven's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt:
But juſtice is heaven's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and ſtate
Are one to fortune ſubject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile;
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's our iſle.

MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Auguſtus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In proſe and verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Thro all the realms of Nonſenſe, abſolute.
This aged prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:

And, pond'ring, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullneſs from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my ſons, is he,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike thro, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks, that ſhade the plain,
And ſpread in ſolemn ſtate ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-ſharpen'd thumb from ſhore to ſhore
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou weild'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhime:
Tho they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind,
(The fair Auguſta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t'inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where there vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Jonſon dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne.

For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now empress fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation thro the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labors rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness plaid around his face.

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed

Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bleſs my ſon, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!---
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly ſhew the writers wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.

Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou would'ſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labor to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, tho unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſyche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge doſt transfuſe to thine?

But

But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humors to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy felonious heart tho venom lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.

Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE the FIRST.

TO MY HONORED FRIEND

Sir ROBERT HOWARD,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT POEMS.

AS there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:

So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as ſtoics feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be:
Or 'tis ſóme happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread,
Lets thro its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.

No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woe
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowlege poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
" A ſober prince's government is beſt."

This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th'improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliſa's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliſa's ſhade may now its wandring ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colors laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.

Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honor to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
" This work, by merit first of fame secure,
" Is likewise happy in its geniture:

" For, ſince 'tis born when Charles aſcends the throne,
" It ſhares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE the SECOND.

TO MY HONORED FRIEND

Dr. CHARLETON,

ON HIS

Learned and Uſeful WORKS; but more particularly his Treatiſe of STONE-HENGE, by him reſtor'd to the true Founder.

THE longeſt tyranny that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our anceſtors betray'd
Their free-born reaſon to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their univerſal light.
So truth, while only one ſupply'd the ſtate,
Grew ſcarce, and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words ſeal'd up with Ariſtotle's arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his throne;
And found a temp'rate in a torrid zone:

The fev'riſh air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales ſet round with ſhady trees;
And guiltleſs men, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we ſtill paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature juſtly claim;
The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd:
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies,
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.
Among th' aſſerters of free reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowlege, but its future too.
Gilber ſhall live, 'till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen,
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.
The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honor that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,

Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
And is, like that, unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt: you well may give
To men new vigor, who make ſtones to live.
Thro you, the Danes, their ſhort dominion loſt,
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature, and their princely mien.
Our ſovereign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.
Theſe ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Wor'ſter's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.
His refuge then was for a temple ſhown:
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE the THIRD.

TO THE

LADY CASTLEMAIN,

Upon her encouraging his firſt PLAY.

AS ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labor'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd muſe, by ſtorms long toſt,
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favor by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe could hope for by her happineſs.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe;
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd choſe:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To chooſe the vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too.
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let merit crowns, and juſtice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe,
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.

You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowlege, not from nature's laws.
Your power you never uſe, but for defence,
To guard your own, or other's innocence:
Your foes are ſuch, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, tho not invade.
Such courage did the antient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow:
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay,
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.

When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
So beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favor did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.

EPISTLE the FOURTH.

TO

Mr. LEE, on his ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with some color too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.

Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure:
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then, envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For, ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf away.
'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high, to be expreſt;
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.

Such

Such praiſe is yours, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe thoſe drones, who praiſe, while they accuſe
The too much vigor of your youthful muſe.
That humble ſtyle which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.
But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty ſhews a maſter's hand.

EPISTLE the FIFTH.

TO THE

EARL of ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS

Excellent Eſſay on TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian ſhore,
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.
The Grecians added verſe: their tuneful tongue
Made nature firſt, and nature's God their ſong.
Nor ſtopt tranſlation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd world could yield before.
'Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhimes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,

With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſu'd their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an Eſſay;
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need thoſe rules to give tranſlation light:
His own example is a flame ſo bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain.

How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt,
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!
Their iſland in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are
ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring anceſtors were nurſt;
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th'inglorious praiſe of art!
Great generals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer;
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves?
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, nor any vulgar vow,

Should at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſcommon writes; to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe, feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſcommon firſt in fields of honor known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

EPISTLE the SIXTH.

TO THE

DUTCHESS of YORK,

ON HER

Return from SCOTLAND in the Year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.

Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th'illuſtrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, A Venus; ſome, A Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;

His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate:
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE the SEVENTH.

A

LETTER to Sir GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic e'en to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigor of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wond'rous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t'endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,

For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labors full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt thro forms with as much eaſe
As the French king thro articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters ar mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round;
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;

Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights, I mention'd laſt,
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wiſe negotiation.

If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE the EIGHTH.

TO

Mr. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS

COMEDY call'd, The WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent;
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow:
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.

The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But reſt ſecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labor'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners, as the Wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th'immortal ſpring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE the NINTH.

TO

HENRY HIGDEN, Esq;

ON HIS

Translation of the Tenth Satire of JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
Tho foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And Satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:

An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o'th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that cure to you reſtore;
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE the TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

Mr. CONGREVE,

ON HIS

COMEDY call'd, The DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boistrous English wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.

Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.
Great Johnſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t'other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:

The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I propheſy; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Tho with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpear gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muſe and grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th'inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE the ELEVENTH.

TO

Mr. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS

Excellent Tragedy call'd, HEROIC LOVE.

AUſpicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,

With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honors of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Tho yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, tho ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which they miſcal reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, thro their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.

Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting-ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coaſt.
This diff'rence yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE the TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND

Mr. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS

TRAGEDY call'd, BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage.
That ſacred art, by heaven itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon have us'd,

Is now to be no more: the muſes' foes
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common ſenſe they give the lye,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy.
They give the ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have looſely, or prophanely, writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;

Ambition, int'reſt, avarice, accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a tragic muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy ſee
Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign gueſt
Should over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.

In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend.

EPISTLE the THIRTEENTH.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

OF

CHESTERTON, in the County of HUNTINGDON, Esq;

HOW bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.
Just, good and wise, contending neighbors come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.

Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe;
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little won,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone:
Such are not your decrees; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind;
Like your own ſoul, ſerene; a pattern of your mind.

Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife,
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Tho pair'd by heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.
For man and woman, tho in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So, farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.

How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.

Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T'admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores, and fruitful fields increaſe;
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports, or ſylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.

This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure thro necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry thrones were plac'd;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.

What help from art's endeavors can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples
ev'ry grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muſe.
Would'ſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with
thy ſoul.

By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowlege, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wand'ring in the dark,
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his muſe, preſcribes and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey; and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill:
He ſcapes the beſt, who, nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private uſe;
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns; and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
To poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit!
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.

Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watry trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give,
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need, relies.
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war, in ev'ry annual courſe;
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdu'd, is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw th'event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, tho pretending arms, purſu'd the peace;

Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove, to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode;
Like thoſe that water'd once the paradiſe of God.

Some

Some overpoiſe of ſway, by turns, they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of mod'rate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.
Patriots, in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubborneſs reſiſting might:
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your gen'rous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And, in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.
O true deſcendent of a patriot line,
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good, as it reſembles thee:
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred muſes thy diſgrace:
A poet is not born in ev'ry race.

Two of a houſe few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

EPISTLE the FOURTEENTH.

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Principal PAINTER to his MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: ſuch thy ſkill,
That nature ſeems obedient to thy will;

Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
And from their animated canvaſs came,
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;

Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colors found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.

By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhime began t'enervate poetry.
Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One color'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colors join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakeſpear, thy gift, I place before my ſight;
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, thro me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.

Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy croud,
Like womens anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, tho not twins in birth;
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter muſe, tho laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles a while, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Tho nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.

So warm thy work, ſo glows the gen'rous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world would ſtrive.

Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t'inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are ev'ry where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th'examples of their wond'rous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera
Is to the living labor of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.

But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs idiot ſeems at laſt to think.

Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!

Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.

While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.
For time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colors, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

EPISTLE the FIFTEENTH.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO

Mr. JULIAN,

SECRETARY of the MUSES.

THOU common ſhore of this poetic town,
Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
For ſonnet, ſatyr, bawdry, blaſphemy,
Are emptied, and diſburden'd all in thee:
The choleric wight untruſſing all in rage
Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page:

Thou Julian, or thou wiſe Veſpaſian rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well pickt guineas gather,
All miſchief's thine, tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop,
From lofty Middleſex to lowly Scroop.
What times are theſe, when in the hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
And little Aſton offers to the bum?
Can two ſuch pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch Tom-Thumbs of ſatyr in a court?
Poor George grows old, his muſe worn out of faſhion,
Hoarſly he ſung Ephelia's lamentation.
Leſs art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age,
That drone has loſt his ſting upon the ſtage:
Reſolve me, poor apoſtate, this my doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath ſent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou can'ſt gain his grace,
Known by the name of the hard-favor'd face,
For proweſs of the pen renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote deſcended lineally,
And tho like him unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love.
Of his unfiniſh'd face, what ſhall I ſay?
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay,

That much much oaker was on it beſtow'd,
God's image 'tis not, but ſome Indian god:
Our chriſtian earth can no reſemblance bring
But ware of Portugal for ſuch a thing;
Such carbuncles his fiery face confeſs,
As no Hungarian water can redreſs.
A face which ſhould he ſee (but heaven was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf, Love made him blind.)
He durſt not ſtir abroad for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming women in the ſtreet:
The beſt could happen from this hideous ſight,
Is that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright—
Heaven guard them from the likeneſs of the knight.
Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can:
One while he honoreth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no leſs Loviſa's name;
For when his paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a ſong;
And ſure no mortal creature at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with love and rhime.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuſe,
The airy ſymptoms of a breeding muſe,

And all to gain the great Loviſa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for ſuch a face;
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an Ethiop's face, or his.
What fate unhappy Strephon does attend?
Never to get a miſtreſs, nor a friend.
Strephon alike both wits and fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like Eſop's batt, half bird half beaſt;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe,
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals like his wit are motley too,
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado.
But vanity and lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the ſcale;
He would be more a villain had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he miſtakes his talent; all his care
Is, to be thought a poet fine and fair.
Small-beer, and gruel, are his meat and drink,
The diet he preſcribes himſelf to think;
Rhyme next his heart he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epiſtles at the hour of ſleep;

So betwixt elegy and ode we ſee
Strephon is in a courſe of poetry:
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay thy friend, for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make ſure of him, and of his muſe betimes,
For all his ſtudy is hung round with rhimes.
Laugh at him, juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes,
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights;
Charg'd with the laſt, and baſeſt infamy,
His buſineſs is to think what rhymes to lye,
Which found in fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen;
His brother murder'd, and his mother's whor'd,
His miſtreſs loſt, and yet his pen's his ſword.

ELEGIES

AND

EPITAPHS.

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWEL, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think; and call my own:
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlipp'ry place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Thro the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy gen'rous fruits, tho gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewel; farewel, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around.

TO THE

PIOUS MEMORY of the accompliſhed young Lady

Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the TWO SISTER-ARTS of

POESY and PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU youngeſt virgin-daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,

Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighb'ring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven's majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou tread'ſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of Poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.

But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did thro all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.

And if no cluſt'ring ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T'increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none ;
For nature did that want ſupply :
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy :
Such noble vigor did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear ;
Each teſt, and every light, her muſe will bear,
Tho Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love ſometimes her muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government ;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'r she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,

Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns broken lie,
And, tho defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopl'd ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with rev'rence ſtrook:
For not content t'expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:

Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on ev'ry ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immod'rate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles, than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoſophat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;

The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigor, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, ſweet ſaint, before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

Upon the Death of the

EARL of DUNDEE.

OH last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewel, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEONORA:

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the MEMORY of the Late

COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE the

EARL of ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honored me ſome months ago, are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow, but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill: if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on

the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent, at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the

whole poem, tho written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of hypotheſis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not perform'd ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavors to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the deſcription, which I have received from others, is

for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: tho I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, tho not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowleges, that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, tho I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called

this poem, The Pattern: and tho, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, tho I have endeavored to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They, who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you, while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honored, after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands: and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot

with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavoring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to ingrave his own name, as author of the piece: ſo give me leave to hope, that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honor of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extoll'd her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe, which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the pre-

ſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few, in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and tho one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragons teeth themſelves, and 'tis but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honor, tho 'tis not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end.

You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected ſpeaker of the houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honor. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labors, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My LORD,

Your lordſhip's

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the MEMORY of the Late

COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Thro town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch, but when ſhe dy'd.

For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wond'rous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven; to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;

A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to some holy house the afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;

That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.

So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus heaven, tho all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his oeconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflection too ſupplies the night:
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghil is the worſt.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe given more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.

Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.

But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward ſhoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare.
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal:
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active life long oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was ſabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſt angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with ſacred hymns and acts of love:
Such ſabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which ſhe employs,
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in heaven there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in angels lays;
For, praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All offices of heaven ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new:
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glaſs:

Yet look not every lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Tho 'tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.

The ſeveral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd them both, and in one grief
they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate:

When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labor'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
'Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.

Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
'Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection: ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;

And

And (could they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Tho bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, tho from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;

Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and bus'neſs well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of th' aſtronomer.

She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.

Tho all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Tho not ſo large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, thro the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, tho not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,

Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlip'd away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, tho each compleat;
But ev'ry act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odor, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:

One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.

No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day:
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.

And, that she dy'd, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation thro the firmament,
Or, like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relics, (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

On the DEATH of

AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The fields, and curſt th'ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and chearleſs was his face:
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promiſe of the day not only croſs'd,
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf is loſt.
Amyntas---oh!---he could not ſpeak the reſt,

Nor needed, for prefaging Damon gueſs'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of nature, both his parents joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt.
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's ſoul.
Then thus he cry'd: the morn beſpoke the news:
The morning did her chearful light diffuſe:
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace;
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature ſmil'd,
And more than man was giv'n us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all atonce; then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey:
Juſt like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, tho with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt.
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on ev'ry look,
E'en death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart:
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my propheſy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!

Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new come gueſt admires th' ætherial ſtate,
The ſaphir portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſsport which he brought along.
His paſsport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

On the DEATH of

A very young Gentleman.

HE who could view the book of deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the firſt op'ning page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly, and ſo kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promis'd ſuch a race.
We muſt not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:
Yet after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet durſt I gueſs, heaven kept it for himſelf;

And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon;
Tho miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.

Hearn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, tho not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

UPON

Young Mr. ROGERS of Glouceſterſhire.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

On the DEATH of

Mr. PURCELL.

Set to MUSIC by Dr. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing;
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſt'ning ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retired,
As he too late began.

We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.
Ye breth'ren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

EPITAPH

ON THE

LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

EPITAPH

ON

Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's Tomb

IN

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age. October 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valor knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.

From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws;
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldiers fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

UNDER

Mr. MILTON's Picture,

Before his PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The firſt, in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The next, in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature cou'd no further go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

ON THE

MONUMENT

OF A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Who dy'd at BATH, and is there interred.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heav'n wants of this celeſtial maid.
Preſerve, O ſacred tomb, thy truſt conſign'd;
The mold was made on purpoſe for the mind:

And ſhe wou'd loſe, if, at the latter day,
One atom cou'd be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace:
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul;
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd.
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light:
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within:
As thro a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen.
And heav'n did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies:
For marriage, tho it ſullies not, it dies.
High tho her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if ſhe cou'd not, or ſhe wou'd not find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, ſhe ſcarce had more to know:
But only to refreſh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.

So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion cou'd but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind:
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

EPITAPH
ON
Mrs. MARGARET PASTON,
Of BURNINGHAM in NORFOLK.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE

MONUMENT

OF THE

MARQUIS of WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray reader that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honor here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heav'n confin'd in thee.
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king, ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

SONGS,

ODES,

AND A

MASQUE.

THE

FAIR STRANGER,

A

SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt;
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without controul
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conqu'ring charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel:
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

ON THE

YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd theſe madmen have?
Firſt, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without pow'r enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke ſhall wield his conq'ring ſword,
The chancellor make a ſpeech,
The king ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

A

SONG

FOR

St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's power obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Thro all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
When Jubal ſtruck the corded ſhell,
His liſt'ning brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair, diſdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd
Miſtaking earth for heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays
The ſpheres began to move,

And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

THE
TEARS of AMYNTA,
FOR THE
DEATH of DAMON.

SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning
'Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus ſhe made her moan:

Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt:
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah for a languiſhing maid,
In a country of Chriſtians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon, or Catholic prieſt,
To inſtruct a young virgin, that is at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe!

By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhow'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;

By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

THE LADY's SONG.

I.

A Choir of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf, and his mother, will mourn,
'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, ſweet and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me!
As I from thouſand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain;
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

A SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honors to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

RONDELAY.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made;
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch, that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

A

SONG

TO A

Fair Young LADY, going out of the Town in the Spring.

I.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER of MUSIC,

AN ODE,

In Honor of St. CECILIA's Day.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus's bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred-ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſides thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise :
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter Janus.

Janus. CHronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter Chronos, *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter Momus *laughing.*

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,
And since neither Janus nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

Chronos. Then goddess of the silver bow begin.

[*Horns, or hunting-music within.*]

Enter Diana.

Di. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er summits of
rocks,

With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro the ſky,
And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro the ſky,*
And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Janus. Then our age was in in't's prime:

Chronos. Free from rage:

Diana. ——— And free from crime.

Momus. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in't's prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honor,
Arms and honor,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.

Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green,
In woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace,* &c.

Mars. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Thro all the world around,
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet,* &c.

Momus. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only,* &c.

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her,* &c.

Chronos. The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

Momus. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana } Thy chace had a beast in view;
[To Mars] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an old age is out,

Chronos. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beast in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

SONG

OF A

SCHOLAR and his MISTRESS,

Who being croſs'd by their Friends, fell mad for one another; and now firſt meet in BEDLAM.

[MUSIC within.]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a Keeper.

Phillis. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear?
'Tis he —— 'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

Amyntas. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar:
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?

Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can ſhoot ſo fair a light;
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown.

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

Amyntas. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break thro the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

Phillis. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapors leave my brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

Phillis. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay ———

Amyntas. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun.

Cho. of both. *At worſt if he delay*, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE

First Day of the KING's HOUSE Acting after the FIRE.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,

Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE

Opening of the NEW HOUSE, March 26, 1674.

A Plain built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.

You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favors wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honor we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th'ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbors enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th'extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:

Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays,
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign.
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conqu'rors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry Bon, and humor the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd ——
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

THO what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Tho ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud ſirs, who thro your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit;
Whoſe favors, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th'excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may ſop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;

So may your midnight ſcowrings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff,
Of rhime, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Tho in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, tho w'have not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN by Mr. HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T'unbend, and to divert their ſov'reign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, thro dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of chryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakeſpear's, Fletcher's, and great Johnſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipp'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make.
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Tho they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowlege all their power tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what Is extends.

PROLOGUE to CIRCE.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear:
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit,
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chooſe to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakeſpear's own muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.

A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt;
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE,

Intended to have been ſpoken by

The Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

When CALISTO was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.

Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſov'reign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine:

Whom you to ſupplant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

EPILOGUE to the MAN of MODE:

OR,

Sir FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.

True fops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o'th'ſhire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow:
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE

TO

MITHRIDATES, King of PONTUS.

By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die :
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage :
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays ;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire ;
'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtle int'reſt made :
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade !
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honor and preferment go for gold ;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold :

Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

WIDOW RANTER.

By Mrs. BEHN, 1690.

HEaven save ye, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the stage:
The fools have labor'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.

His cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence;
And yet, as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a muſs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt;
A ſign the family is well increaſt.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, countrymen, drink, ſwear, and roar;
Let ev'ry free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And wand'ring in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the punk is common, he's a ſot,
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

PROLOGUE

TO

CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What práiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the bleſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.

News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves, and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome of Requeſts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night.
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, tho claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

PROLOGUE

TO

SOPHONISBA, at OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur & plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart.

No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan :
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt :
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown ;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe ;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write ;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city-gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit ;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.

The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water muſe:
A meal of tragedy would make ye ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd
in rhime;
If theſe ſhould fail------
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

EPILOGUE

TO A

TRAGEDY call'd TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus peeping thro the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the fair ſhould always favor find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you'd e'en truſt them to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.

What tho he be not come to his full power,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You fly she-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
And always fails you at the second heat.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muse, whose rhimes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.

When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbors, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their last provision here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one cross.
We look'd what representatives would bring;
But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls books to those who know their worth;
And tho the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS

First Appearance at the DUKE'S THEATRE, after his Return from SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhiv'ring natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, tho rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the croud:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.

Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
To make their solemn shew at heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue:
A tyrant's power in rigor is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But most are babes, that know not they offend.
The croud, to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;
Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear:
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
(With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway:

Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE to the EARL of ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

Spoken to the KING and the QUEEN at their coming to the House.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
And heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw;
The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.

Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t'enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And ev'ry heart conſpire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

AN

EPILOGUE for the KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the muſes nine.
The comet, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapor drawn from play-houſe earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin third-days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?

Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhimes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER:

OR,

The PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds, that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who disband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:

And that would be till next queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmond Bury firſt, in woful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire:
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old-caſt whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza
The mitred poppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corps contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for faſhion, cry, God ſave the king.
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.

But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him ere the ſafer for this prayer.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in croud.
Yet, ſhould heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

EPILOGUE to the ſame.

A Virgin poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy;
But, like a girl, whom ſeveral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own nat'ral toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one; I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.

Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can ev'ry riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Tho nonſenſe is a neuſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Tho void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhould two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not ſtand;

Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains,
Mean time you see what trade our plots advance;
We send each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,

SPOKEN by Mr. HART,

At the Acting of the SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to see.

Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th'illiterate writer, emperic-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learned in ſchools, where knowlege firſt began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;

And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:

Heaven for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th'Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humors, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhipp'd now:
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,

Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of faſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at OXFORD,

By Mrs. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns, and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,

Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favors paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such antient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

Diſcord, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhime.

Tack but a copper-lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrolers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How-ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

THO actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt:
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poets wit, and trade in ore,
Like thoſe, who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould not.

Nature herſelf lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colors ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But by the ſacred genius of this place,
By ev'ry Muſe, by each domeſtic grace.
Be kind to wit, which but endeavors well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations ſued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be,
Than his own mother univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

EPILOGUE

TO

CONSTANTINE the GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1684.]

OUR hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion:
Tho Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius, for you know I read Greek authors,
Reports, that, after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, tho not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the croud.

For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
I think my author calls them Tekelites,
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favor'd e'en a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt, they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noiſe his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry;
And tho they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
The original Trimmer, tho a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;

And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heaven?

PROLOGUE to the DISSAPPOINTMENT:

OR, THE

MOTHER IN FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.

Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhime,
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker,
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf;
He's young enough to be a fop himſelf:
And, if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe,
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face;
And, often, they ſupply'd your mother's place.

The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt them both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
You ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.

Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe,
But was prevented by each careful nurſe.

For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there when firſt you came,
You would be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:

Thence come to town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound:
He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound.
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpark ſets up for love behind our ſcenes;
Hot in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And garret-high rebels againſt his father:
But he once dead ------
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet, dreſſing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcow'ring,
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad ſo liberal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laſt, ſome there are, who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries.
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:

They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call ſons of whores, and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and ſtickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

PROLOGUE to the KING and QUEEN,

UPON THE

UNION of the Two Companies in 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of faſhion,
Their penny-ſcribes take care t'inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Penſylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with ſaints is ſo run o'er,
And every age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our ſtation,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Thoſe play-houſe Whigs ſet up for property.

Some ſay, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealouſies create;
Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the ſtate.

Plain ſenſe, without the talent of foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:
For ſeldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needleſly, their freedom barter
For lawleſs power, ſometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this, call'd Charter.

But, ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight them:
And you, fair ladies and gallants that ſlight them,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits
can write them.

We'll take no blund'ring verſe, no fuſtian tumor,
No dribling love, from this or that preſumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humor.

For, faith, ſome of them ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies every play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We've given you Tragedies, all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig ſheriffs may hang together.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

NEW miniſters, when firſt they get in place,
Muſt have a care to pleaſe; and that's our caſe:
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the power ſupreme, will pleaſe to join:
There are a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
Theſe noiſy ſirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.
But ſtay: methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee,
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the flutt'ring ſparks are rang'd;
The noiſe continues tho the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputt'ring, wauling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter:
Fine love no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The ſurgeon will be told a woful ſtory.

Let vizard maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe:
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beſide,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the ſtairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:
They're grown a nuſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.
We beg you, ſirs, to beg your men, that they
Would pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-houſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good chriſtians, on your bearns and wives:
Think on your ſouls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you, laſt, our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattles to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page ſhould find you there?

My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1689.]

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear:
A ſecret, which does much my mind perplex:
There's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex.
A man that's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets.
A rogue in mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out on him, traytor, for a filthy beaſt;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt:

None of them ſtick at mark; they all deceive.
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, tho we lye, we're too well-bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too;
And, when found out, excuſe themſelves, pox cant them,
With Latin ſtuff, Perjuria ridet Amantûm.
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm ſure, I never heard that ſcritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved?
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foremen of a ſhop, demure:
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favor, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

*

EPILOGUE to the ſame.

A Qualm of conſcience brings me back again,
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquandring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble heart.
I've heard of men, who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valor known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings;
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since modeſty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd.
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation ———

We ſhew'd a princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I ſhould much abhor
To chooſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial ſchool.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

PROLOGUE

TO

ARVIRAGUS and PHILICIA REVIVED:

[By LODOWICK CARLELL, Eſq;]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH ſickly actors and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays, nor new adorn.

If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English were to clap the play:
Civil Igad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature.

PROLOGUE to the PROPHETESS.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Revived by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Noſtradame, with all his art can gueſs
The fate of our approaching Propheteſs?
A play, which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains; and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow ſated, ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men, e'en ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes:
They riſe three ſtories in their tow'ring dreſs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.

Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſh men all o'er.
Now honor calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your ſilver goes, that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our ſtage to mourn;
'Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return;
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious Muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights;
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:

Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GEntlemen, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, ſnivelling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

HOLD your prating to the audience: here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or ſomething like one: O here he comes to his tryal, at all adventures; for my part I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

SAVE ye ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the duce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble---you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, tho much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days---and that's as long as Cork.

But, for this play---(which till I have done, we
ſhow not)
What may be its fortune---by the Lord---I know
not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things——even of wit.
He's no high-flyer——he makes no ſky-rockets,
His ſquibs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up
himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſ-
ter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two in ſober ſadneſs.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price---juſt half a crown.
You'll ſay, I play the pimp, on my friend's ſcore;
But ſince 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write?--we know it;
But Shakeſpear was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning, often fail'd?
But Shakeſpear's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?

To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'neſs here:
So much for that;---and the devil take ſmall beer.

EPILOGUE to HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;

Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i'th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Tho for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

A

PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuff'ring part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflow'r his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin;
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail;
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſerters bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee;
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colors you forſook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.

He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: tho 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Tho not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight;
A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With arms offenſive, and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Johnſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in his anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:

Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſun-ſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhiming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licenſe, tho' they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats ſtand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:

For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow:
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In Comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.

Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You rowl like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven devils, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face,
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
For ev'ry critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

EPILOLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the Parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durſt come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſome little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to ſpare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one,
But has as little as the very Parſon:
Both ſay, they preach and write for your inſtruction:
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that tho you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parſon 'tis another caſe,
He, without holineſs, may riſe to grace;

The Poet has one diſadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor,
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's preferment:
Wit's not his buſineſs, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much yours as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The taylor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs, and monſtrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe,
For tho' the immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he ſcarce can find
One fool, for million that he left behind.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

PILGRIM.

Revived for our Author's Benefit Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worſe, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, tho they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character,----That's I.
He, who writes letters to himſelf, would ſwear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What ſhould a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that wou'd be ſhown:
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.

Quack Marus, tho he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books.
But, if he wou'd be worth a Poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, tho he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he founders in, and ſinks down right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if after all, this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it wou'd appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw 'em in again.

At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
PILGRIM.

PErhaps the parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.

But ſure, a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud, ſo good a government to ſerve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
'Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.

Now, they wou'd ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What wou'd you ſay, if we ſhou'd firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oats, and we our Hains.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, and HORACE.

PREFACE

CONCERNING

Mr. DRYDEN's TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this laſt half year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlation: the cold proſe fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in the hiſtory of the League; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in verſe miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them, which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; which made me uneaſy 'till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is, like a ſeeming demonſtration in the Mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their truth and uſefulneſs;

which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion: for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh. And where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Engliſhmen, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without ſome indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I

may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame Poets, whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good Poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than his carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many, who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: 'tis impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt of company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt, which he contracted, while he was laying in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his ſubject, or his expreſſions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man ſhould be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it ſufficient, that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle;

but he must be a master of them too: He must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, (Sir P. Lely,) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several Poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil

as a ſuccinct, grave, and majeſtic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and ſyllable: who was ſtill aiming to crowd his ſenſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he could; for which reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe is every where ſounding the very thing in your ears whoſe ſenſe it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and that verſe commonly which they call golden, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of numbers and ſound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles: he maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they

are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous of any tranſlation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin Orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek Orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman Poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined by the ſenſe of the inventor to thoſe expreſſions which are the neareſt to it: ſo that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow com-

paſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that Epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that verſion, which has more of the majeſty of Virgil, has leſs of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for myſelf, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well as to have ſatisfied myſelf.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the Roman in its majeſty: neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt underſtands their force. This diction of his (I muſt once again ſay) is never to be copied; and, ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt tranſlation. The turns of his verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the haſtineſs of my performance, would allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſenſe; but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I underſtand him better: at leaſt I writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular

lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this;

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has

most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal bonâ fide with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbs, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he

had not aimed more to inſtruct, in his ſyſtem of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialiſt, and teaching him to defy an inviſible power. In ſhort, he was ſo much an atheiſt, that he forgot ſometimes to be a Poet. Theſe are the conſiderations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to tranſlate ſome parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and ſcepticiſm for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I ſaid, is ſo much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the ſoul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural arguments; at leaſt, to take away rewards and puniſhments is only a pleaſing proſpect to a man, who reſolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen inſupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confined to the ſhortneſs of our preſent being, eſpecially when we conſider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the exceſſes, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be incapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always, when a paſſion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them.

These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this Poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigor, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical

account both of the diſeaſe and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reaſons I tranſlated him. But it will be aſked why I turned him into this luſcious Engliſh? (for I will not give it a worſe word.) Inſtead of an anſwer, I would aſk again of my ſupercilious adverſaries, whether I am not bound, when I tranſlate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfied was honeſt and inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his expreſſion, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeneſs of thought and words being thus caſhiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, phyſicians muſt not ſtudy nature, anatomies muſt not be ſeen, and ſomewhat I could ſay of particular paſſages in books, which, to avoid prophaneneſs, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to inſtruct as well as pleaſe. It is moſt certain that barefaced bawdery is the pooreſt pretence to wit imaginable. If I ſhould ſay otherwiſe, I ſhould have two great authorities againſt me. The one is the Eſſay on Poetry, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roſcommon ſo happily begins his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe: the other is no leſs than our admired Cowley, who ſays the ſame thing in other words: for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

> Much leſs can that have any place,
> At which a virgin hides her face:
> Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
> The author bluſh, there where the reader muſt.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Eſſay; for he aſſerts plainly, that obſcenity has no place in wit: the other only ſays, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an

ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me: in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

This puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and The-

ocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman ſhall quickly be diſpatched, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the Roman.

That which diſtinguiſhes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raiſes him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming of a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes. He ſhews his art and learning by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the ſame difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Taſſo's Aminta and the Paſtor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh; for which reaſon I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satiriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence only to ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his Odes. Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: ſome of them are panegyrical, others moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to ſpeak Engliſh) in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which in Petronius is called Curioſa Felicitas, and which I ſuppoſe he had from the Feliciter audere of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character ſeems to me to be his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good humour: and thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleaſed me in the reading,

I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric Verſe: it is that, which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh: for which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: but it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind modeſtly, and without injury to his ſacred aſhes, ſomewhat of the purity of the Engliſh, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verſe, is yet wanting. As for the ſoul of it, which conſiſts in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the maſterly figures, and the copiouſneſs of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet if the kind itſelf be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the eſſential, what rules of morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradiſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats againſt his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along ſometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? It is as much com-

mendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantùm, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

---- Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosly: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse: for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a sub-

ject? The objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, tho' not of judgment, in theſe uncorrect Eſſays, and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

TRANSLATIONS

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, Paraphraſed.

TO Amaryllis love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!

I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy like your lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far-off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heav'nly pow'r
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bow'r,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!

Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfal of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:

I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The with'ring leaf foreſhew'd your with'ring love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids run friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.

What nymph but my melodious voice would
move?
She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get a wife?)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haste she could not choose but stay:
Renown said, Run; the glitt'ring bribe cry'd,
Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)
That stopt the fatal fury of her speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lye)
From steepy Othry's top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, whom love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in cœlestial minds;
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the crook;

Nay, when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN and MENELAUS.

From the 18th Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

TWelve Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,

Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed?
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore.
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelveſcore viragos of the Spartan race,

While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire:
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream;
None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold!

Yet ere to to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauties due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.

Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

From the 23d Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſu'd the faireſt nymph of all the plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heav'nly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His perſon hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on human hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd even to deny.
But, as a hunted panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſt'ning ears to ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:

Her ſallow cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
And ev'ry feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a ſhrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate eſcape;
His love ſtill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;
And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears ſo tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke.
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigreſs heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou ſhew'ſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
Thy grandame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.

This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my ling'ring love and loathſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewel, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to quench my fires?
Farewel ye never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have ſuffer'd here ye know too well;
What I ſhall do the Gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lillies hang their heads and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.

When

When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Even you are not more pityleſs than death.
Then for my corps a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear:
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move

A weighty ſtone (the labor of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighboring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe:
Then ſpurning backward took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door; the ſcornful fair
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance or fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatning from a pedeſtal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard;
Lovers farewel, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.

Q

DAPHNIS.

FROM THE

Twenty-ſeventh Idyllium of Theocritus.

DAPHNIS.

THE ſhepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a bliſs,
A fairer Helen, and a ſweeter kiſs.

CHLORIS.

Kiſſes are empty joys, and ſoon are o'er.

DAPHNIS.

A kiſs betwixt the lips is ſomething more.

CHLORIS.

I wipe my mouth, and where's your kiſſing then?

DAPHNIS.

I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd agen.

CHLORIS.

Go, tend your herd, and kiſs your cows at home;
I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom.

DAPHNIS.

'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your time;
But wiſely uſe it ere you paſs your prime.

CHLORIS.

Blown roſes hold their ſweetneſs to the laſt,
And raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.

DAPHNIS.

The ſun's too hot; thoſe olive ſhades are near;
I fain would whiſper ſomething in your ear.

CHLORIS.

'Tis honeſt talking where we may be ſeen;
God knows what ſecret miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiſs again.

DAPHNIS.

At leaſt beneath yon elm you need not fear;
My pipe's in tune, if you're diſpos'd to hear.

CHLORIS.

Play by yourſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty pipe, go hang together.

DAPHNIS.

Coy nymph, beware, leſt Venus you offend.

CHLORIS.

I ſhall have chaſte Diana ſtill to friend.

DAPHNIS.

You have a ſoul, and Cupid has a dart.

CHLORIS.

Diana will defend, or heal my heart.

Nay, fy, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or, I ſwear I'll ſcratch your face.
Let go for ſhame; you make me mad for ſpite;
My mouth's my own; and if you kiſs, I'll bite.

DAPHNIS.

Away with your diſſembling female tricks:
What would you 'ſcape the fate of all your ſex?

CHLORIS.

I ſwear, I'll keep my maidenhead 'till death,
And die as pure as queen Elizabeth.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me, than with ſome nauſeous clown.

CHLORIS.

I'd have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind;
But never found a huſband to my mind.

DAPHNIS.

But they are abſent all; and I am here.

CHLORIS.

The matrimonial yoke is hard to bear;
And marriage is a woful word to hear.

DAPHNIS.

A ſcarecrow, ſet to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys; and you ſhall have aſſay.

CHLORIS.

Sour ſauce is often mix'd with our delight;
You kick by day more than you kiſs by night.

DAPHNIS.

Sham ſtories all; but ſay the worſt you can,
A very wife fears neither God nor man.

CHLORIS.

But child-birth is, they ſay, a deadly pain;
It coſts at leaſt a month to knit again.

DAPHNIS.

Diana cures the wounds Lucina made;
Your Goddeſs is a midwife by her trade.

CHLORIS.

But I ſhall ſpoil my beauty, if I bear.

DAPHNIS.

But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

CHLORIS.

But there's a civil queſtion us'd of late;
Where lies my jointure, where your own eſtate?

DAPHNIS.

My flocks, my fields, my woods, my paſtures take,
With ſettlement as good as law can make.

CHLORIS.

Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honeſt woman.

DAPHNIS.

I ſwear by Pan (tho he wears horns you'll ſay)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

CHLORIS.

I bargain for a wedding-bed at leaſt,
A houſe, and handſome lodging for a gueſt.

DAPHNIS.

A houſe well furniſh'd ſhall be thine to keep;
And, for a flock-bed, I can ſheer my ſheep.

CHLORIS.

What tale ſhall I to my old father tell?

DAPHNIS.

'Twill make him chuckle thou'rt beſtow'd ſo well.

CHLORIS.

But, after all, in troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, ere I know your name,
A pleaſant ſounding name's a pretty thing.

DAPHNIS.

Faith, mine's a very pretty name to ſing;

They call me Daphnis; Lycidas my ſire:
Both ſound as well as woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me; farmers in degree:
He a good huſband, a good houſewife ſhe.

CHLORIS.

Your kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true;
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.

DAPHNIS.

I know your father, and his family;
And without boaſting am as good as he,
Menalcas; and no maſter goes before.

CHLORIS.

Hang both our pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me, let me ſee your living,
Your houſe and home; for ſeeing is believing.

DAPHNIS.

See firſt yon cypreſs grove, a ſhade from noon.

CHLORIS.

Browze on my goats; for I'll be with you ſoon.

DAPHNIS.

Feed well my bulls, to whet your appetite,
That each may take a luſty leap at night.

CHLORIS.

What do you mean, uncivil as you are,
To touch my breaſts, and leave my boſom bare?

DAPHNIS.

These pretty bubbies, first, I make my own.

CHLORIS.

Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

DAPHNIS.

Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

CHLORIS.

Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My linen ruffled, and my wastecoat soiling;
What do you think new clothes were made for spoiling?

DAPHNIS.

I'll lay my lambkins underneath thy back.

CHLORIS.

My head-gear's off; what filthy work you make!

DAPHNIS.

To Venus, first, I lay these off'rings by.

CHLORIS.

Nay, first look round, that nobody be nigh;
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the grove.

DAPHNIS.

The cypress trees are telling tales of love.

CHLORIS.

You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my mother bore me.

DAPHNIS.

I'll buy thee better clothes than theſe I tear,
And lie ſo cloſe I'll cover thee from air.

CHLORIS.

You're liberal now, but when your turn is ſped,
You'll wiſh me choak'd with ev'ry cruſt of bread.

DAPHNIS.

I'll give thee more, much more than I have told;
Would I could coin my very heart to gold.

CHLORIS.

Forgive thy handmaid, huntreſs of the wood!
I ſee there's no reſiſting fleſh and blood!

DAPHNIS.

The noble deed is done; my herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a calf; and Venus thine a bull.

CHLORIS.

A maid I came in an unlucky hour,
But hence return without my virgin flow'r.

DAPHNIS.

A maid is but a barren name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for twins at leaſt.

Thus did this happy pair their love diſpenſe
With mutual joys, and gratify'd their ſenſe:
The God of love was there a bidden gueſt,
And preſent at his own myſterious feaſt.

His azure mantle underneath he ſpred,
And ſcatter'd roſes on the nuptial bed;
While folded in each other's arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furniſh'd out the play,
And from their foreheads wip'd the balmy ſweat away.
Firſt roſe the maid, and with a glowing face,
Her downcaſt eyes beheld her print upon the graſs;
Thence to her herd ſhe ſped herſelf in haſte:
The bridegroom ſtarted from his trance at laſt,
And piping homeward jocundly he paſt.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious queen of love,
Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dress;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer light is blest.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,

When teeming buds, and chearful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs,
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy pow'r; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heav'n and earth, and every where thy wondrous pow'r diſplay:

To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Mean-time on land and ſea let barb'rous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtning world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

THE BEGINNING OF

THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rowling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and pow'r; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honor, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than nature needs!

For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flow'rs is drest.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy store,

'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandring errors led;
And just as children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
E'en in broad day-light are possess'd with fears;
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul to-day.

THE LATTER PART OF

THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS;

Againſt the Fear of Death.

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If ſouls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infeſted land and main,
When Heav'n and earth were in confuſion hurl'd
For the debated empire of the world,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be ſlaves, uncertain who ſhould ſway:
So, when our mortal flame ſhall be disjoin'd,
The lifeleſs lump uncoupled from the mind,
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not Be.
Tho earth in ſeas, and ſeas in Heav'n were loſt,
We ſhould not move, we only ſhould be toſt.

Nay, even ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd fate,
The ſoul could feel in her divided ſtate,
What's that to us? for we are only We
While ſouls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, tho our atoms ſhould revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho time our life and motion could reſtore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this buſtle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pauſe is made,
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part
In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,
Which to that other mortal ſhall accrue,
Whom of our matter time ſhall mould anew.
For backward if you look on that long ſpace
Of ages paſt, and view the changing face
Of matter, toſt and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry ſhapes, 'tis eaſy for the mind
From thence t'infer, that ſeeds of things have been
In the ſame order as they now are ſeen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Becauſe a pauſe of life, a gaping ſpace,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the ſenſe are fled.

For whoſoe'er ſhall in misfortunes live,
Muſt Be, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive;
And ſince the man who Is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldring limbs ſhall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beaſts devour his maſs,
Know, he's an unſincere, unthinking aſs.
A ſecret ſting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind.
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain;
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again;
As if ſome other He could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought moleſt his head,
What wolf or vulture ſhall devour me dead?
He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,

No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress
With monumental marble on thy breast?
But to be snatch'd from all the houshold joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure thro thy breast;
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppress
Thy care and courage now no more shall free;
Ah! wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me?
One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:
Which well consider'd were a quick relief
To all thy vain imginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.

But we thy friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind;
No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.

The worſt that can befal thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For, ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the firſt atoms then, the ſeeds of breath,
Are moving near to ſenſe; we do but ſhake
And rouze that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.

Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings, I could give,
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro thee like a ſieve;
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feaſt,
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take thy reſt?
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd thro, and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labors end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.

To pleaſe thee, I have empty'd all my ſtore,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame ſcene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give.
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our cauſe goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppreſs'd by fate,
Should beg of nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepit ſot lament;
What thou (ſhe cries) who haſt out-liv'd content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more.
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires at ſtrife
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy life,
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight,
Ere thou haſt gorg'd thy ſoul and ſenſes with delight.
Now leave thoſe joys, unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh comer, and reſign the ſtage,

Is nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Chang'd, but not lost; for nature gives and takes:
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from on high;

But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd pow'rs.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not tho his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corps sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphis is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.
For still to aim at pow'r and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount.

Which urg'd, and labor'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and ſmokes
along the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever-craving mind
With ev'ry bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite;
Tho years and ſeaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky veſſels, which the liquor ſpill;
To veſſels of their ſex, which none could ever fill.
As for the dog, the furies, and their ſnakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due;
Racks, priſons, poiſons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and ſuffocating ſmoke;
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horror of a conſcious mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of puniſhment and woe;

But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes an hell on earth, and life a death.
Mean-time when thoughts of death diſturb thy head;
Conſider, Ancus great and good is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs with their mighty ſtate,
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whoſe ſtupendous bridge did the wild waves reſtrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatned wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor ſpar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunder-bolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common ſlave, by fate in triumph led.
The founders of invented arts are loſt;
And wits, who made eternity their boaſt.
Where now is Homer, who poſſeſs'd the throne?
Th'immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the ſummons with a chearful face;
Made haſte to welcome death, and met him half the race.

That ſtroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar;
Tho he in wit ſurpaſs'd mankind, as far
As does the mid-day ſun the mid-night ſtar.

And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy ſleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy ſoul but nods at beſt,
Day-dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy breaſt.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whoſe cauſe and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thyſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wander'ſt in the labyrinth of life.
O, if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breaſt;
Sure they would change their courſe, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.

Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the world not worth his care:
Then would he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Why are we then ſo fond of mortal life,
Beſet with dangers, and maintain'd with ſtrife?
A life, which all our care can never ſave;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Beſides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er ſtrike out, but beat the former ground,
And the ſame maukiſh joys in the ſame track are found.
For ſtill we think an abſent bleſſing beſt,
Which cloys, and is no bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing wiſh expels it from the breaſt.
The fev'riſh thirſt of life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of life in the laſt draught may lie:
Nor, by the longeſt life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand years ago.

THE LATTER PART OF

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS;

Concerning the Nature of Love.

Beginning at this line,

Sic igitur veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS, therefore, he, who feels the fiery dart
Of ſtrong deſire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether ſome beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unreſiſting grace,
From her each part the winged arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck he thither tends;
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly ſeed.
For fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love aſſures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart,
The fever of the ſoul ſhot from the fair,
And the cold ague of ſucceeding care.

If abſent her idea ſtill appears,
And her ſweet name is chiming in your ears.
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing fantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' aerial images of love,
That feed the flame: when one moleſts thy mind,
Diſcharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiſer way, than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling nerves that hoard of pain.
For ev'ry hour ſome deadlier ſymptom ſhews,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The ſcorpion, love, muſt on the wound be bruis'd:
On that one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of thought ſome other way:
The ſquander'd ſpirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the bliſs, that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleaſure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When love its utmoſt vigor does employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring joy:
Nor knows the lover in that wild exceſs,
With hands or eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs;
But ſtrains at all, and, faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantic pains;

With biting kiſſes hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joys imperfect, unſincere:
For, ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart on that which gave
the wound.
But love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And mingling pleaſure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope ſtill flatters anxious grief,
And ſends him to his foe to ſeek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For love, and love alone of all our joys,
By full poſſeſſion does but fan the fire;
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for meat and drink provides a ſpace,
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain place:
Hence thirſt and hunger may be ſatisfy'd;
But this repletion is to love deny'd:
Form, feature, colour, whatſoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endleſs appetite,
Theſe fill no ſpace, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our inſtruments of love:
In our deluded graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial ſhapes, that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirſt;

Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills and labors in his ſleep:
So love with fantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain:
Nor when the youthful pair more cloſely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they twine,
Juſt in the raging foam of full deſire,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart:
In vain; they only cruize about the coaſt;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies loſt;
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage;
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man diſſolves in that exceſs of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing tides the ſlacken'd nerves betray,
A pauſe enſues; and nature nods a-while,
Till with recruited rage new ſpirits boil;
And then the ſame vain violence returns;
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.

Again they in each other would be loſt,
But ſtill by adamantine bars are croſt.
All ways they try, ſucceſsleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of ling'ring love.
Beſides ——
They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtrife,
And to a woman's will enſlave their life;
Th' eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made;
All offices of friendſhip are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.
Aſſyrian ointment from their temples flows,
And diamond buckles ſparkle in their ſhoes.
The chearful emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands:
And the blue coat, that with imbroid'ry ſhines,
Is drunk with ſweat of their o'er-labor'd loins.
Their frugal father's gains they miſemploy,
And turn to point, and pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French faſhions, coſtly treats are their delight;
The park by day, and plays and balls by night.
In vain: ——
For in the fountain, where their ſweets are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.

Firſt guilty conſcience does the mirror bring,
Then ſharp remorſe ſhoots out her angry ſting;
And anxious thoughts, within themſelves at ſtrife,
Upbraid the long, miſ-ſpent, luxurious life.
Perhaps, the fickle fair-one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealouſy behind.
Perhaps, he watches cloſe her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does ſurpriſe;
And thinks he ſees upon her cheeks the while
The dimpled tracks of ſome foregoing ſmile;
His raging pulſe beats thick, and his pent ſpirits boil.
This is the product e'en of proſperous love;
Think then what pangs diſaſtrous paſſions prove.
Innumerable ills; diſdain, deſpair,
With all the meager family of care.
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd;
But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro the ſtraits, and break th' involving net.
Yet thus inſnar'd thy freedom thou may'ſt gain,
If, like a fool, thou doſt not hug thy chain;

If not to ruin obſtinately blind,
And wilfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind.
For thus the Bedlam train of lovers uſe
T' inhance the value, and the faults excuſe.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on dowdies and deformity:
E'en what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The ſallow ſkin is for the ſwarthy put,
And love can make a ſlattern of a ſlut.
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love:
If freckled, ſhe's a party-color'd dove:
If little, then ſhe's life and ſoul all o'er:
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She ſtammers; oh what grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe.
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a quire,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire.
The lean, conſumptive, wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender maid.
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly Ceres is expreſt,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the leaſt.
Flat noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes,
And hanging blobber lips but pout for kiſſes.

The taſk were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant ſhe were a Venus for her face
And ſhape, yet others equal beauty ſhare;
And time was you could live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier women full as well can do.
Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own attendants cannot bear the ſcent,
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean-time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover ſtands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate door:
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unfav'ry whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint excuſes to be gone;
And calls himſelf a doating fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning queans;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the ſcenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would retain;
But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain:
For common ſenſe brings all their cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:

Which a wife harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the fweets of love,
When round the panting youth their pliant limbs they move,
And cling, and heave, and moiften ev'ry kifs.
They often fhare, and more than fhare the blifs:
From every part, e'en to their inmoft foul,
They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigor to the goal.
Stirr'd with the fame impetuous defire,
Birds, beafts, and herds, and mares, their males require:
Becaufe the throbbing nature in their veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting female ſtands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor ſhouting boys nor blows their union can divide:
At either end they ſtrive the link to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger Venus holds the nooſe.
Which never would thoſe wretched lovers do,
But that the common heats of love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common too;

And when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
The mother's likeneſs; when the man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the ſeed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new-begotten race
Reflect the features of each parents face,
Then of the father's and the mother's blood
The juſtly temper'd ſeed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardor bent,
From every limb the due proportion ſent,
When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
This gives the ſplendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandſire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he ſhares;
Becauſe the genial atoms of the ſeed
Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
And, after ſundry ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence families ſuch different figures take,
And repreſent their anceſtors in face, and hair, and make.
Becauſe of the ſame ſeed, the voice, and hair,
And ſhape, and face, and other members are,
And the ſame antique mould the likeneſs does prepare.

Thus oft the father's likeneſs does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male.
For ſince the ſeed is of a double kind,
From that, where we the moſt reſemblance find,
We may conclude the ſtrongeſt tincture ſent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of love,
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron ſhame;
As many think, who ſtain with victims blood
The mournful altars, and with incenſe load,
To bleſs the ſhow'ry ſeed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labor'd wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or magic numbers try:
For barrenneſs of ſexes will proceed
Either from too condens'd or watry ſeed:
The watry juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected will not ſtay:
The too condens'd, unſoul'd, unweildy maſs,
Drops ſhort, nor carries to the deſtin'd place;
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, tho injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moiſture of the
womb.

For nuptials are unlike in their ſucceſs:
Some men with fruitful ſeed ſome women bleſs;
And from ſome men ſome women fruitful are;
Juſt as their conſtitutions join or jar:
And many ſeeming barren wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolific men,
Have fill'd a family with prattling boys:
And, many, not ſupply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to eaſe their ſmart,
And to perform the ſapleſs huſband's part,
So much it does import, that ſeed with ſeed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;
And thick with thin, and thin with thick ſhould join,
So to produce and propagate the line.
Of ſuch concernment too is drink and food,
T' incraſſate, or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the poſture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For as the females of the four-foot kind
Receive the leapings of their males behind;
So the good wives, with loins up-lifted high,
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful ſtroke may try:
For in that poſture will they beſt conceive;
Not when, ſupinely laid, they friſk and heave:

For active motions only break the blow;
And more of strumpets than the wives they show;
When, answering stroke with stroke, the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the plow-share from the furrow'd ground.
But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart,
But wives well-humor'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring husbands fast;
Such are the links of love, and such a love will last.
For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestic bands produce:
For custom will a strong impression leave.
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

FROM THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabor'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

Vol. II.

THE
THIRD ODE of the FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Earl of Roſcommon, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,

Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea,
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could thro the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.

No toil, no hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heav'n the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown.
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE

NINTH ODE of the FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou get'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,
Ere with'ring time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unweildy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

THE

Twenty-ninth ODE of the First Book

OF

HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rochester.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:

Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavory diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar,
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:

The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and
ſtreams require, [raging fire.
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's pow'r:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head, [force:
And bears down all before it with impetuous

And trunks of trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd
VIII. [honors mourn.
Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine, [day
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate are mine,
Not Heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
IX. [hour.
Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs:
Still various and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,

And ſhakes the wings and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, tho in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinance I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſt'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek;
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free?
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamors of contentious law,
And court and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:

Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtring grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the conſort of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear!

Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy tho ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabor'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rowling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.

Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke;
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

The End of the Second Volume.

NOTES

AND

OBSERVATIONS

ON

Mr. DRYDEN's POEMS.

NOTES.

The HIND and the PANTHER.

First printed in 1687.

PART I.

THIS piece is a defence of the Roman Catholic church, by way of dialogue between a Hind, who repreſents the church of Rome, and a Panther, who ſuſtains the character of the church of England. Theſe two beaſts very learnedly debate the principal points controverted between the two churches, as tranſubſtantiation, infallibility, church-authority, &c. This poem was immediately attacked by the wits; particularly by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who joined in writing *The Hind and Panther parodied in the Story of the Country Mouſe and the City Mouſe.*

But notwithſtanding the ſeverity of theſe cenſures, and the juſt exceptions which may be taken to the plan of this poem, it abounds with poetical beauties, and, in that reſpect, is not unworthy of Mr. Dryden.

Yet had ſhe oft been chac'd, &c.

Alluding to the diſturbance given to Popery by the reformation, and its ſufferings in the time of Cromwell.

And doom'd to death, tho fated not to die.

To doom ſignifies to ſentence, or condemn to any puniſhment; but it does not include a neceſſity of carrying that ſentence into execution: whereas fate is unavoidable; ſo that theſe words are not ſynonimous, nor yet liable to that ridicule thrown upon them in the *Hind and Panther tranſverſed:* wherein, Mr. Smith ſays, "Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be

" hanged, whatever you were fated to, it would give you but " ſmall comfort."

——— *the Caledonian wood.*

The ravages and diſorders committed by the Scotch covenanters gave occaſion to theſe lines.

The bloody bear, an independant beaſt.

The Independants were a ſect of Proteſtants, who held, that " each church, within itſelf, had ſufficient power to do every " thing relative to church-government." They ſprung up amidſt the confuſions of Charles the Iſt's reign, about the year 1643. Walker calls them a compoſition of Jews, Chriſtians, and Turks. *See his Hiſt. of Independency, p.* 1, 27 ; for which he was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard's Hiſt. of England, vol II. p. 435, for an account of their riſe. Butler calls them,

" The maggots of corrupted texts."

Hud. p. 3. *v.* 10.

And our author in his *Religio Laici*, ſays,

" The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
" And turns to maggots, what was meant for food."

Becauſe that, in order to infuſe into people a notion that they had a right to chuſe their own paſtors, they corrupted this text ; *Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you, ſeven men of honeſt report, full of the Holy Ghoſt, whom ye* (inſtead of *we) may appoint over this buſineſs.* Acts ch. vi. v. 3. Field is ſaid to have been the firſt printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1500 l. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in ſeveral of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio of 1659-60, and his octavo of 1661. We find them alſo thus deſcribed in Hudibras again, p. 3. canto II. v. 3.

" The Independants, whoſe firſt ſtation,
" Was in the rear of reformation,
" A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,
" That ſerv'd for horſe and foot at once."

——————— *the quaking hare*
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.

The Quakers ; ſo called from certain tremblings and convulſions, with which they appear to be ſeized at their religious meetings. They decline all military employments ; reject the uſe of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons ; and refuſe the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted, by act of

parliament, in our juſticiary-courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a perſon of any other perſuaſion, upon the goſpel.

Next her the buffoon-ape, ———

No particular ſect is meant by the buffoon-ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, perſons ready to conform to any thing to ſerve their turn.

The briſtled Baptiſt-boar, &c.

The Anabaptiſts, who reject infant-baptiſm; and baptize only adults by immerſion.

In German foreſts had his guilt betray'd.

They ſucceeded to the riſe of Lutheraniſm in Germany, about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munſter.

Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil,
The graceleſs beaſt, &c.

This alludes to the perſecution of the Arians, and the riſe of the Socinians: for a better account of which, ſee our notes on the *Religio Laici*, vol. I. p. lxxvi.

——— *how well doſt thou provide,*
For erring reaſon, an unerring guide.

Here our author allows of the infallibility of the pope, and the authority of the church, contrary to his poſition in *Religio Laici*, p. 306.

"Such an omniſcient church we wiſh, &c."

and then proceeds to thank God for his own converſion.

Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?

Dryden here advances the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, which he reconciles to the divine omnipotence, and entirely diſclaims the uſe of reaſon in diſcuſſing it.

——— *by what myſterious arts*
He ſhot that body thro th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars, &c.

The diſciples being aſſembled together, and all the doors ſhut, ſome days after the crucifixion, Chriſt appeared in the midſt of them. *Vide St. John*, ch. xx.

——— *firſt apoſtate to divinity.*

Arius, the heretic.

——— *the inſatiate wolf,* &c.

Butler, in the firſt canto of Hudibras, ſays, that the Preſbyterians

" ——— prove their doctrine orthodox,
" By apoſtolic blows and knocks."

The general deſcription given of them here is very ſevere: they hold the doctrine of predeſtination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to ſave a certain number of perſons, from thence called the Elect.

" A ſect, *(of whom Hudibras ſays a little lower)* whoſe chief devotion lies
" In odd perverſe antipathies."

Such as reputing the eating of Chriſtmas pies and plumb-porridge ſinful; nay, they prohibited all ſorts of merriment at that holy feſtival, and not only aboliſhed it by order of council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a faſt. They wore, during the confuſions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite cloſe; wherefore the wolf, the emblem of Preſbytery, is here ſaid to

" Prick up his predeſtinating ears."

——— *his hateful head had been*
For tributs paid, &c.

Several parts of England and Wales were once ſo over-run with wolves, that a reward was given for every head of them brought into the government; and thus the country was, in time, quite cleared of them.

The laſt of all the litter, &c.

Calvin was made profeſſor of divinity, at Geneva, in 1536; but being obliged to retire from thence, as he had been before from his native country, France, he took refuge in Straſburgh, where he ſet up a French church. Calviniſm, or Preſbyterianiſm, for they are much the ſame, made its way from France and Switzerland into Germany, Poland, Holland, England, &c. and has occaſioned many great diſturbances in all theſe different places.

Becauſe of Wickliff's brood, &c.

Dr. John Wickliff, a man of ſharp wit, great learning, and ſtrong judgment, broached a new doctrine in the fourteenth cen-

tury, " denying the pope's ſupremacy, the infallibility of the church, tranſubſtantiation, &c." and publicly maintained his tenets in the univerſity of Oxford.

That fiery Zuinglius, &c.

Zuinglius was a Swiſs divine of the fifteenth century, who alſo denied tranſubſtantiation.

In Iſrael ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince.

" Some," ſays our author in theſe and the fifteen following lines, " ſuppoſe the firſt riſe of Presbytery in this kingdom to have " been when the parliament were at variance with the king ;" others *(ſays the poet)* carry it higher, even to the time of Corah, among the Jews who ſtrove

From Moſes' hand the ſov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to diveſt.

See the Paſſage alluded to, in ſcripture, Numbers ch. xvi.

——— *your victorious colonies are ſent,*
Where the north ocean, &c.

The various ſects of Preſbyterianiſm found a kind, nurturing ſoil in Scotland, nor were they refuſed ſhelter in Holland.

——— *magic plants will but in Colchos thrive.*

This is a country of Aſia, abounding with poiſonous herbs, which gave occaſion to the poetical fiction of the witchcraft of Medea, who is ſtiled Colchis. *Vide Horat. Epod.* xvi. 58.

From Celtic woods is chac'd the wolfiſh crew.

This paſſage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the reformed church were proſcribed, and two hundred thouſand drove into foreign countries : a proceeding that muſt throw an eternal blemiſh on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honor to Dryden, as it manifeſts, that whatever faults he had, a perſecuting ſpirit was not one of them.

——— *kind as kings upon their coronation-day.*

Who always begin their reign with an act of grace.

——— *the mighty hunter of his race.*

Nimrod, who built Babylon, and was the firſt man we meet with in ſcripture who made invaſions on the territories of others.

——————— *to number o'er the reſt,*
Were weary work, &c.

Our author is content with naming the chief ſects; ſince, to reckon the others, ſuch as field-preachers, and other diſſenters from the church, would be an endleſs taſk.

Such ſouls as Shards produce, &c.

A Shard ſignifies a plant, and alſo a kind of fiſh.

A lion old, obſcene——————————
——— *by a left-hand marriage weds the dame.*

Henry VIII. having fallen in love with Anne, the ſuppoſed daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, but by many affirmed to be his own natural child, in vain ſollicited the pope to annul his marriage with Catharine, who had been the widow of his brother Arthur. Piqued at the refuſal he renounced the papal ſupremacy, repudiated the queen, and married with his beloved Anne; and this was the beginning of the reformation.

——————— *a lawleſs prince*
By luxury reform'd incontinence.

The reformation permitted the clergy to marry, from which they were before interdicted.

By ruins, charity; &c.

This alludes to the ſuppreſſion of monaſteries, and ſequeſtration of their revenues for the royal uſe. They are ſaid to have amounted to 32,000 l. a year, beſides plate, goods, church-ornaments, &c. amounting to more than 100,000 l.

——————— *her reverend phylacteries.*

Phylacteries is a word of Greek extraction, ſignifying originally to guard or preſerve. The paſſages here alludes to the Jews, who wore on their foreheads and wriſts little rolls of parchment, wherein were written certain words of the law, ſuppoſed to be capable of charming and protecting the bearer from harm.

——— *one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends.*

Luther aſſerted the real preſence under the different ſubſtances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the

ſacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and repreſentation of the body and blood of Chriſt.

The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive.

See the twenty-eighth article of the church of England here alluded to.

Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy.

No king! no biſhop! was a common ſaying in King Charles the Iſt's time, and ſufficiently verified during the inter-regnum. This whole paſſage is a real compliment to the church, as by law eſtabliſhed; and ſhews that Dryden could ſpeak impartially even of a cauſe that he had deſerted; which cauſe he handſomely compares to

——————— "*an Indian wife.*"

Whoſe conſtancy is become a proverb: ſince when their deceaſed huſbands are either to be buried or burned, to manifeſt their affection, they throw themſelves either into the ſame grave, or on the funeral pile.

Iſgrim.

The wolf.

The ſovereign lion bade her fear no more.

Charles II. who died a Papiſt, and James II. who openly profeſſed himſelf ſuch, and ſupported his religion with a firmneſs that loſt him three crowns.

Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend, and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.

The Popiſh plot; the contrivers of which were Preſbyterians Latetudinarians, and Republicans, who had before ſhewn themſelves enemies to the Proteſtant, as well as the Popiſh church. This explanation is farther confirmed in our notes on Abſalom and Achitophel, and thoſe on the Medal.

PART II.

——————— *times are mended well,*
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.

For by the Philiſtines here are meant the Cromwellians, &c.

——— *the younger lion* ———

King Charles II.

But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling, &c.

This alludes to the commons voting in 1640-1, that all deans, chapters, &c. ſhould be utterly aboliſhed. A bill paſſed about the ſame time to deprive biſhops of their ſeats in parliament.

The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.

The teſt-act paſſed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real preſence in the ſacrament.

——— *men may err* ———

An allegory wherein the figure is not preſerved thro the whole muſt be defective; a point that can, in many places, be proved on this poem, particularly here, wherein the Panther forgets his nature, and calls himſelf *Man*.

For ſallacies in univerſals live.

"Dolus verſatur in generalibus," is a maxim in the ſchools.

Tho Hugenots condemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, &c.

The French reformed, whether Calviniſts or Lutherans, are called Hugenots, and they all differ in ſome points from the Engliſh Proteſtants. *See our note on Luther.*

Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic.

The writings of the apoſtles and evangeliſts, who had divine gifts, and ſealed their teſtimony, as it were, with their blood, are authority in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word. The church of England admits only two authorities, that of ſcripture, and that of reaſon; the ſcripture muſt ſurely be a rule of faith, and reaſon where God gives not his ſpirit can be the only rule for underſtanding ſcripture.

——— *from ſire to ſon they came.*

An uninterrupted ſucceſſion of the high-prieſthood, or of popes from St. Peter down to the preſent time, is claimed by the church of Rome, and the corner-ſtone of her authority.

You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt.

Spencer, in his excellent poem, called The Fairy Queen, ſhadows the moral virtues under the fictitious names of gallant he-

roes; and ſome of the worſt vices, (in regard they are moſt oppoſite to rational nature) under the counterfeit names of certain monſtrous brutes: particularly, he repreſents that pernicious vice of calumny or ſlander, by a deformed creature, which he calls *The Blatant Beaſt*; whoſe property it was to defame all ſtates and ſorts of mankind, not ſparing even princes, nor leaving the cleareſt honor untainted, that came within the ſteam of its contagious breath.

——— *home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.*

When Dryden wrote this, the penal ſtatutes againſt diſſenters were not repealed.

For purging fires traditions muſt not fight.

Purgatory is a very lucrative article to the church of Rome; and ſhe is certainly well paid for her maſſes and prayers for the ſouls of the deceaſed.

——————————— *hierarchy.*

That the hierarchy of the ancient church conſiſted of biſhops, prieſts, and deacons, and, conſequently, that biſhops are to be diſtinguiſhed from prieſts or presbyters, is very clear from eccleſiaſtical antiquity. *See Bingham orig. Eccleſ.* l. II. c. 1.

To church decrees your articles require
Submiſſion, &c.

The church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies and authority in controverſies of faith; yet it is not lawful for the church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's written word, &c.

——————— *Curtana.*

The name of King Edward the Confeſſor's ſword without a point, an emblem of mercy, which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation

——— *the conſubſtantiating church*———

This is the Lutheran church, whoſe doctrine relating to the real preſence in the ſacrament, called *conſubſtantiation*, has been before explained.

Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys.

Alluding to the ſuppoſed authority of the Roman church, and her power of abſolving, whereby ſhe is ſaid to be entruſted with the keys of heaven. Here follow ſome marks of her, copied from the Nicene creed.

Here let my ſorrows give my ſatire place.

Our author here juſtly laments our neglecting to propagate Chriſtianity among the Indians, while we make a trade of corrupting them by tranſporting to, and incorporating among them

" The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews."

the very offals of ſociety.

——————— *pailards.*

An old French word for whoremaſters.

Sell all of chriſtian, &c.

The Dutch, in order to ſecure themſelves the trade of Japan, trample on the croſs, and deny the name of Jeſus.

——————— *ye winds and rain*———

By winds and rains are meant the perſecutions, ſchiſms, and hereſies, which have ſtrove to diſturb the quiet of the church.

That pious Joſeph, &c.

The renunciation of the benedictines to the abbey-lands.

PART III.

Much malice mingled with a little wit.

Dryden, aware of the cenſures to which his ſubject might expoſe him, here makes an apology for the fable or contrivance of the poem.

——————— *the lion's peace*———

Liberty of conſcience, and toleration of all religions.

Her truth unſhaken to an exil'd heir.

The Duke of York, while oppoſed by the favorers and abettors of the bill of excluſion, had been obliged to retire from London.

I ſerved a turn———

Alluding to King James openly profeſſing himſelf a Catholic.

When virtue ſpooms, &c.

This is a ſea-term, and is uſed for a ſhip's being put right before the wind, when under ſail.

How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw.

This points to the fable between the wolf and the lamb, wherein the former taxes the latter with muddying the ſtream, when from his ſituation it was impoſſible.

Do you not know that for a little coin
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line.

It became a practice among the upſtarts in the time of the commonwealth of England, to claim pedigrees to which they had no manner of right, but this that they purchaſed them of a herald. Thus William Lilly gave to Cornelius Holland, a ſervant of ſome of the Vanes, a lineal deſcent from John Holland, Duke of Exeter; yet he had been no more than a link-boy grown rich amidſt the public confuſions. Colonel Hewſon, the one-ey'd cobler; Colonel Harriſon, the butcher; Colonel Pride, the drayman; and ſeveral other fellows of equal importance, are mentioned in the Hiſtory of Independency, and Bate's Lives of the Regicides, as procuring heralds to foiſt them on honorable families.

——— *your new French proſelytes*, &c.

The refugees that came over to England after the revocation of Nantz.

Unpity'd Hudibras, &c.

Mr. Butler, who affords a remarkable inſtance of that coldneſs and neglect, which great geniuſes often experience from the court and age in which they live. He did more againſt the puritan intereſt, by expoſing it to ridicule, than thouſands who taſted of court-favor; and yet our gracious monarch Charles II. never took notice of him, tho ſo fond of Hudibras as to carry it always in his pocket. He praiſed the poem,—the poet wanted bread.

But imprimatur, &c.

The biſhop of London and his chaplains had formerly the examination of all books, and none could be printed without their *imprimatur* or licence.

But when his foe lies proſtrate, &c.

It is ſaid, that the lion diſdains to aſſail *even* a man that crouches before him.

——— *did Shemei worſe?*

See Samuel, book II. ch. xvi.

——— *Noſtradamus* ———

Taken in general for any prophet or prognoſticator.

The swallow privileg'd above the rest, &c.

There seems to be nothing more particular couched under this fable than the Panther's telling it, to deter the Hind from pluming herself too much on the present encouragement given to her brood, which may be attended with fatal consequences, if imprudently used.

And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.

Alluding to Ovid's
" Icarus icariis nomina fecit aquis."

Chelidonian, from χελιδὼν, a swallow.

——— *the Pardelis* ——

A name for the Panther.

The Papist only has a writ of ease.

By the test-act transubstantiation is to be abjured, a principal tenet of the Papists.

As if 'twere Toby's rival, &c.

See Paradise Lost, book IV. l. 167.

As once Æneas, &c.

See Æneid, lib. VII. l. 213.

Immortal powers the term of conscience know.

Alluding to
Ὃν Βριάρεων καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἀνδρες δέ τε πάντες Αἰγαίων.

A plain good man, &c.

This is a character of King James II. which is generally allowed as just as it is amiable: nor will it be found, on examination, one of the least beautiful passages in the poem. When the king was not under the restriction of bigotted adherence, he was brave, generous, steady, and sincere, and had the good of his country and people much at heart.

A sort of doves, &c.

The clergy of the church of England, and other religions, dissenting from that of Rome, whose *fryars* we find, lower down, called Chanticleers; her *nuns*, Sister Partlett.

Another farm he had, &c.

This passage alludes to the Popish clergy, whom the king particularly cherished, having introduced his confessor, father Pe-

ters, to the privy-council, and going himſelf publicly to maſs. Their faſting and other ſpiritual ſeverities are here pointed out.

A law the ſource, &c.

Penal laws againſt Popiſh recuſants.

——— *a deadly Shiboleth*, &c.

A Hebrew word, and a criterion by which the Gileadites diſtinguiſhed the Ephraimites, by their pronunciation of a certain letter in the alphabet.

That, none to truſt or profit, &c.

Teſt-Act.

For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, &c.

" Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat." *Æneid.*

——— *above the reſt,*
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt.

The character of the Buzzard was drawn for the celebrated Biſhop Burnet, out of compliment to King James II. to whom he had been, on many accounts, obnoxious. He is introduced as a prince, becauſe his ſpirit and activity raiſed him to be regarded by many of the opponents to the court-meaſures, as the head of their party; and certainly none of the clergy was ſo meddling and inquiſitive as he was; ſo that it is not unjuſt of our poet to ſay, that

He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.

The biſhop was good-humored, converſable, and charitable; abſent, credulous, and talkative;

More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd.

It is certain he gave room for this impeachment of his honeſty, by drawing up two papers in defence of divorce and polygamy; a taſk very unworthy of a clergyman: and by his behaviour, with regard to the Earl of Lauderdale's affairs in the houſe of commons, where he was examined as to what he heard that nobleman ſay, about arming the Iriſh Papiſts, and bringing a Scotch army into England, to ſupport ſome arbitrary meaſures intended to be ſet on foot by the king, and to over-awe the parliament. He at firſt refuſed to anſwer upon the latter point, and was diſmiſſed: he then return'd,

—— uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offered to the Moloch of the times.

Having waited for ſome time in the lobby, in hope of being called in again, he deſired to be readmitted, and now revealed every thing that had paſſed between them in private converſation; for which conduct he makes but a poor excuſe in his Hiſtory of his own Times. The houſe of commons laid great ſtreſs upon his declaration, and thus furniſhed with freſh matter, renewed their addreſs againſt the earl.

The papers above-mentioned, were written to ſupport a deſign ſet on foot by Shaftesbury and his emiſſaries, to divorce the king and procure him another wife, whoſe iſſue might exclude the Duke of York from the ſucceſſion: they are to be found in Mackay's Memoirs. Burnet firſt came from Scotland, where he was born, to London, to complete the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. The Earl of Lauderdale, at that time, received him with great hoſpitality, and a friendſhip that merited a different return from what he received. Nor was his behaviour to the Duke of York leſs defenſible, his highneſs having given him ſome diſtinguiſhing marks of his favor, which he requited with becoming one of his ſevereſt enemies; not ſo much from any views of ſerving theſe kingdoms, but becauſe that object that ſeemed moſt immediate to his intereſt, moſt engaged his attention; and he thought oppoſition the ſwifteſt way to preferment. It is certain King James hated him, not without reaſon, and would have made him feel his reſentment, if he had not retired to the Prince of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. The biſhop has revenged himſelf, by calling Dryden, in the Hiſtory of his own Times, *a monſter of impurity*, and by mentioning him in his Reflections on Varillas, with a contempt to which he was infinitely ſuperior.

A Greek and bountiful forewarns us twice.

"——— timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes." *Æneid*, l. II.

And much the Buzzard in the cauſe did ſtir,
Tho naming not the patron, &c.

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a ſermon in the Rolls chapel againſt Popery, in which he dropped ſome oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered he

he ſhould preach in that place no more, and he ſoon after found it neceſſary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the ſtates as a traitor, but they refuſed to acquieſce. It is ſaid 3000 l. was ordered to be paid by the treaſury to any perſon that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands.

By this the doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs.

By the declaration of liberty of conſcience, the doctrine, diſcipline, and government of the church of England, was to be maintained.

All penal laws in matters eccleſiaſtical, againſt whatſoever ſort of Nonconformiſts, or Recuſants, were ſuſpended.

This gracious edict the ſame, &c.

By the declaration, a ſufficient number of places in all parts of the kingdom, were to be allowed to ſuch as did not conform to the church of England.

——— *not to paſs the Pidgeon's Rubicon.*

There is a proviſion in the declaration, &c. that no perſon ſhould be capable of holding any ſort of eccleſiaſtical benefice, or preferment of any kind, who acted not exactly conformable to the church of England; to which this ſeems to allude.

Like Dionyſius, &c.

A tyrant of Sicily, who, being baniſhed, turned ſchoolmaſter, that he might at leaſt play the tyrant over children.

Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate.

" Quiſq; ſuæ fortunæ faber." *Salluſt.*

Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, &c.

The members of the college of phyſicians had many diſputes among themſelves, which are finely expoſed in the Diſpenſary by Sir Samuel Garth.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

Written in 1688.

" ON the tenth of June, 1688, the queen was ſuddenly ſeized
" with labour-pains, and delivered of a ſon, who was bap-
" tized by the name of James, and declared prince of Wales.
" All the catholics and friends of James were tranſported with
" the moſt extravagant joy at the birth of this child; while great
" part of the nation conſoled themſelves with the notion that it
" was altogether ſuppoſititious. They carefully collected a va-
" riety of circumſtances, upon which this conjecture was found-
" ed; and though they were inconſiſtent, contradictory, and
" inconcluſive, the inference was ſo agreeable to the views and
" paſſions of the people, that it made an impreſſion which, in
" all probability, will never be totally effaced. Dr. Burnet, who
" ſeems to have been at uncommon pains to eſtabliſh this belief,
" and to have conſulted all the Whig nurſes in England upon
" the ſubject; firſt pretends to demonſtrate, that the queen was
" not with child; ſecondly, that ſhe was with child, but miſ-
" carried; thirdly, that a child was brought into the queen's
" apartment in a warming-pan; fourthly, that there was no
" child at all in the room; fifthly, that the queen actually bore
" a child, but it died that ſame day; ſixthly, that the ſuppoſiti-
" tious child had not the fits; ſeventhly, that it had the fits, of
" which it died at Richmond: therefore the chevalier de St.
" George muſt be the fruit of four different impoſtures."

Smollett's Hiſtory of England.

Laſt ſolemn Sabbath, &c.

His birth-day happened to be alſo Trinity-Sunday, which is the octave of Whit-Sunday.

For ſee the dragon, &c.

This paſſage alludes to the dragon, mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Revelations, which endeavored to devour a child as ſoon as born: to which our author aſſimilates the ſituation of the young prince, whom the bard ſuppoſes the Whigs would gladly have deſtroyed.

Thus when Alcides, &c.

Alcides was the ſon of Jupiter by Alcmena. Juno ſent two ſerpents to kill him in his cradle; but he ſtrangled them both, crying out vehemently at the ſame time.

Already has he lifted high the ſign, &c.

The ſign of the croſs, which was the military ſtandard of Conſtantine, is here uſed to ſignify the Roman Catholic religion, which the king wanted indiſcreetly to re-eſtabliſh.

The moon grows pale, &c.

The Turks uſe a creſcent for their arms; and they are here figuratively introduced, as grieving at the progreſs of Popery, which, as the *true* religion, muſt ſoon overcome their *falſe* ſyſtem.

Behold another Sylveſter, &c.

The pope, in James the IId's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romiſh church in the time of Conſtantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down.

The former too was of the Britiſh line.

St. Helen, mother of Conſtantine the Great, was an Engliſhwoman; and Archbiſhop Uſher affirms, that the emperor himſelf was born in this kingdom.

——*that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore.*

The ſandbank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been loſt in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman-ore. It has been before-mentioned by our author in his Hind and Panther.

Fain would the fiends, &c.

The malcontents are here beautifully compared to the evil ſpirits, that preſumed to tempt the Saviour of the world in the wilderneſs.

Not great Æneas ſtood, &c.

" Reſtitit Æneas, claraq; in luce refulſit
" Os humeroſq; deos ſimilis: namq; ipſa decoram
" Cæſariem nato genetrix, lumenq; juventæ
" Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores."

Æneid, Lib. I.

If the victorious Edward, &c.

Edward the Black Prince was born on a Trinity-Sunday.

——— *adopted patron of our isle.*

St. George.

Enough already has the year, &c.

There had been considerable damage done this year by storms and floods: and an epidemical distemper, among both men and horses, had made great ravage.

Behold him an Araunah, &c.

First of Kings, chap. xxiv.

Let his baptismal drops, &c.

By baptism, the church supposes us cleansed from original sin.

Unnam'd as yet, &c.

The young prince was not named when this poem was published.

——— *the sacred tetragrammaton.*

It was held unlawful among the Jews, to pronounce the word *Jehovah*, or the name of God.

Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd.

Some authors say, that the true name of Rome was, for some time after its foundation, kept a secret; *Ne hostes incantementis deos elicerent.*

Crete could not hold the god, &c.

Jupiter, as soon as born, was committed to the care of nurses, who educated him in secret; while his father Saturn thought he had been murdered, according as he had commanded, in order to defeat a prophecy, that said his son should drive him from, and usurp his throne: yet the greatness of Jupiter's spirit shone out strongly even in obscurity.

—— *Jove's increase, who from his brain was born.*

Minerva is said to have sprung from the brain of Jove, and to have been bred up by hand, as was this young prince.

——— *our young sun o'ercast.*

It was suddenly and falsely reported that the child was dead.

As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow.

It was fabled of the giants that they grew fifteen ells a day.

So ere the Shunamite, &c.

See the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

Thus Israel sinn'd, &c.

First of Samuel, ch. iv. v. 10.

Not Amalek can rout, &c.

Exodus, ch. xviii. v. 8.

Of all the Greeks, &c.

Aristides was firnamed the Just. *See his Life, written by Plutarch.*

MAC-FLECKNOE.

THIS is one of the best, as well as severest satires, ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Mac-Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dullness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Mac-Flecknoe, Esq; from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He "has," says Langbaine, "published sundry works, as he stiles "them, to continue his name to posterity, tho possibly an ene-"my has done that for him, which his own endeavors could never "have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, "his name will continue, whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac-"Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

At the revolution, when Dryden was deprived of the laurel, it was conferred upon Mr. Thomas Shadwell; and this election, together with the favor he enjoyed among the Whigs, occasioned our author's resentment. It does not appear, however, that he was so very contemptible a genius as he is here represented to be. His plays, which were seventeen in number, were performed with applause in many places: they are not void either of wit or incident; and several of his characters have been much ad-

mired. He had taken opium for many years, whereby he was at laſt carried ſuddenly out of the world in 1692, and was buried at Chelſea. There is a monument erected to his memory in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad.

Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee.

Thomas Heywood lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was certainly a moſt voluminous writer: for he tells us in his dedication of the Engliſh Traveller, a tragi-comedy, that he has had an entire hand, or, at leaſt, a main finger in two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces: of theſe there remain only twenty-five that are perfect. He was an actor as well as an author; and Winſtanley, in his Lives of the Poets, ſays, "He not only acted "himſelf almoſt every day, but alſo wrote a ſheet each day; "and that he might loſe no time, many of his plays were com-"poſed in the tavern."

Mr. James Shirley has left us thirty-eight dramatic pieces, one of which called the Gameſter, with amendments and corrections, was preſented at Drury-lane in 1757. He died ſoon after the reſtoration.

St. Andre's feet ne'er kept, &c.

A French dancing-maſter, at this time greatly admired.

Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhyme.

Pſyche, is an opera of Shadwell's, founded on the French of Moliere, and dedicated to the Duke of Monmouth. In his dedication he obſerves, that tho ſome of his enemies may have plenty of wit, they have not money to ſupply their own neceſſities. This is an oblique and illiberal reflection upon Dryden.

Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets, &c.

A parody on theſe lines in Cowley's Davides, B. I.

"Where their vaſt courts, the mother-waters keep,
"And undiſturb'd by moons, in ſilence ſleep,
"——— where unfledg'd tempeſts lie,
"And infant-winds their tender voices try."

——— *Simkin juſt reception finds.*

Simkin is a character of a cobler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned ſoon after, was a famous punſter.

For antient Decker, &c.

Thomas Decker, a dramatic poet of James the Ist's reign, who has left us twelve plays; in four of which he was assisted by Webster, Rowley, and Ford. He contended with Ben Jonson, to whom he was infinitely inferior, for the bayes, as Shadwell did with Dryden, but not with equal success.

But worlds of misers, &c.

The miser and the humorists were two of Shadwell's comedies

—— whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

The first of these is a character in the Humorists; the second in the Virtuoso; both are drawn for men of wit and sense, but are rather insipid and disagreeable.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby there lay.

John Ogilby, Esq; was born at Edinburgh, and bred a dancing-master. Having a smattering of learning, and a knack at rhymes, he translated the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and Æsop's fables, into English verse, and published them with sculptures: he wrote besides two heroic poems, one called the Ephesian matron, the other, the Roman Slave: and an Epic poem, in twelve books, to the honor of Charles I. which was lost in the fire of London. He was master of the revels in Ireland, under Lord Strafford, and built a theatre in St. Werburgh-street, Dublin, which was ruined in the troubles of that kingdom. Being confirmed in his post after the revolution, he erected another that cost him 2000 l. He was a bad poet, but master of vast application, and died in his seventy-sixth year. His corpse was interred in St. Bride's church, Fleet-street.

And Herringman was captain of the band.

See our first vol.

Beyond love's kingdom, &c.

This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's, which was acted, but miscarried in the representation.

Let virtuoso's in five years be writ.

Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, "that here he has endeavored at humor, wit, and satire."

Let gentle George in triumph, &c.

Sir George Etheredge was a man of wit and pleaſure; generous, affable, indolent, ſprightly, and intemperate: he was reſident for ſome time at Ratiſbon, from James II. in whoſe exile he ſhared; and is ſaid to have broke his neck by a fall down ſtairs, as he was taking leave of ſome gueſts, being not rightly ſober. His play of Sir Fopling Flutter is often acted, in which Dorimant and Mrs. Loveit, are principal characters: the former was drawn for Wilmot, Earl of Rocheſter, and Medley for the author himſelf, as was Sir Fopling for Sir George Hewit: who the lady was I don't know; and every character in the play was ſaid to be taken from ſome living original. Cully and Cockwood are characters in his Love in a Tub.

But let no alien Sedley interpoſe.

Sir Charles Sedley was ſuppoſed ſometimes to aſſiſt Shadwell in writing. He was a man of great gallantry, and pleaſant converſation; but extravagant and debauched: in great eſteem with King Charles; yet one of the firſt men to promote the revolution, which he ſaid he did out of gratitude. "King James," ſaid he, "out of his royal care, made my daughter a counteſs: in "return, I have done all in my power to raiſe his to a throne." King James had debauched his daughter, and created her counteſs of Dorcheſter. His works have been collected in two volumes; among which are to be found eight plays. His verſification is eaſy, his ſentiments tender, his turns delicate, and his ſtile pure.

Lord Rocheſter, in his imitation of the tenth ſatire of the firſt book of Horace, has the following verſes in his commendation.

"Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
"That can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
"The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart:
"Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
"Betwixt declining virtue and deſire;
"That the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
"In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day."

To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.

Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called Epſom Wells.

And does thy northern dedications fill.

Several of his pieces are dedicated to the writing Duke and Ducheſs of Newcaſtle.

By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.

Shadwell's friends ſet him upon a rank with Ben Jonſon, for character and wit; and he affected to talk of that poet as the original from whom he copied.

——— *prince Nicander's ſtrain.*

A character of a lover in the opera of Pſyche.

Nor let thy mountain-belly, &c.

Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty luſty.

For Bruce and Longville, &c.

Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's Virtuoſo, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good ſenſe.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To my honored friend Sir Robert Howard, &c.

SIR Robert Howard, a younger ſon of Thomas Earl of Berkſhire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, ſtudied, for ſome time in Magdalene-college. He ſuffered many oppreſſions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the IId's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his preſent ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he ſate as burgeſs, firſt for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Caſtle-Riſing in Norfolk. He was ſoon after the reſtoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, valued at 3000 l. per ann. Notwithſtanding that he was ſuppoſed to be a great favorer of the Catholics, he ſoon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counſeller in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in proſe and verſe, were publiſhed at different times; among which are the Duel of the Stags, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Committee, or, the Faithful Iriſhman; the Great Favorite, or, the Duke of Lerma; the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written in conjunction

with our author; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; and the Veſtal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy: the laſt has two different concluſions, one tragical, and the other, to uſe the author's own words, comical. The laſt five plays were collected together, and publiſhed by Tonſon, in a ſmall 12mo volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with ſome of his poems.

Langbaine ſpeaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely poſitive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to univerſal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an oppoſite party, drew upon him the cenſure of Shadwell, who has ſatirized him very ſeverely in a play, called The Sullen Lovers, under the name of *Sir Poſitive At-all*, and his lady, whom he firſt kept, and afterwards married, under that of *Lady Vain*.

——————— *as ſtoics*, &c.

The ſtoics were a ſect of philoſophers, founded at Athens by Zeno, remarkable for their equanimity under misfortunes. They taught, that an unavoidable fate preſided over every thing, the courſe of which could not be altered by Jupiter himſelf. Their opinions were diſputed by the Platoniſts and Perripatetics.

The curious net, &c.

A compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled Rete Mirabile.

Who dreſs'd by Statius, &c.

Publius Papinius Statius, a Neapolitan bard, who lived at Rome in great favor with Domitian. He wrote the Thebaid, an Epic poem, in twelve books, one of which has been tranſlated by Pope; and the Achilleid: the latter is imperfect, and was tranſlated by Sir Robert, with annotations; and theſe our author means to compliment in this paſſage. There is another tranſlation of it, not yet publiſhed, by Mr. Brigantine, a young Oxonian, of excellent abilities.

With Monk you end, &c.

Alluding to a poem of this gentleman's on General Monk.

As Rome recorded Rufus' memory.

P. Rutilius Rufus, conſul of Rome, anno civ. 649, having the intereſt of his country much at heart, was baniſhed by the influence of ſome deſigning people; and, retiring to Smyrna, was ſo

highly reſpected, that moſt of the Aſian potentates ſent thither ambaſſadors to compliment him. Sylla would have revoked his exile, but he refuſed the offer, and gave himſelf up to ſtudy. Cic. in Brut. ſpeaks of him as a man of great knowledge and application; a ſubtle reaſoner, well learned in the law, and an excellent Greek critic. We find theſe two lines written on him:

"Hic ſitus eſt Rufus, qui pulſo vindice quondam
"Imperium aſſeruit non ſibi, ſed patriæ."

EPISTLE II.

To my honored friend Dr. Charleton, &c.

The book that occaſioned this epiſtle, made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II, and entitled, *Chorea Gigantum*; or, The moſt famous Antiquity of Great Britain, Stone-Henge, ſtanding on Saliſbury-plain, reſtored to the Danes by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and Phyſician in Ordinary to his Majeſty. It was written in anſwer to a treatiſe of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this ſtupendous pile to the Romans, ſuppoſing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Cœlus; and here that great architect let his imagination out-run his judgment, nay, his ſenſe; for he deſcribed it not as it is, but as it ought to be, in order to make it conſiſtent with what he delivered. Dr. Charleton, who will have this to be a Daniſh monument, was countenanced in his opinion by Olaus Wormius, who wrote him ſeveral letters upon the ſubject; yet, that he was miſtaken appears by the mention made of Stone-Henge in Nennius's Hiſt. Britonum, a writer who lived two hundred years before the Danes came into England. Tho his book was approved of by many men of great erudition, and is not only very learned, but abounds with curious obſervations, it was but indifferently received, and raiſed many clamors againſt the author.

Envy, however, could not prevent Dr. Charleton's merits from being ſeen, nor divide him from the intimacy of Mr. Hobbes the philoſopher; Sir George Ent, a celebrated phyſician; the noble family of the Boyle's; and Dr. William Harvey, whoſe claim to the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, he forceably defended againſt the claim thereto ſet on foot by father Paul. Thus he

"From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave."

As that eminent phyſician was now dead, the doctor's behaviour upon this point was as generous an inſtance of gratitude and reſpect to his friend's memory, as it was a proof of his capacity and extenſive learning. He was preſident of the college of phyſicians, from 1689 to 1691, when his affairs being not in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate, he retired to the iſle of Jerſy, and died in 1707, aged eighty-eight years.

Among th' aſſertors of free reaſon's, &c.

What follows of this epiſtle is looked upon as an elegant and curious review of the ſtate of medical and philoſophical knowledge in this kingdom for ſome preceding years.

The world to Bacon does not only, &c.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viſcount St. Alban's, ſome time high-chancellor of England, and one of the greateſt philoſophers of his age. His works were publiſhed in 1740, by Millar, in four folio volumes, with a life prefixed by the ingenious David Mallett, Eſq; which, for elegance, accuracy, and taſte, is univerſally admired, and reckoned one of the beſt biographical pieces that ever was produced in this kingdom.

Gilbert ſhall live, &c.

Dr. William Gilbert, a learned writer of the ſeventeenth century, phyſician both to Queen Elizabeth and King James. Anno 1600, he publiſhed a valuable treatiſe on the magnet, or loadſtone, and magnetical bodies, and of that great magnet the earth.

And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen
Than his great brother, &c.

The Hon. Robert Boyle, ſeventh ſon to Richard Earl of Cork and Burlington, was born in 1626-7, at Liſmore in Ireland. At eight years of age he was brought into England, and placed at Eton for education, where he continued near four years; and was then removed to Geneva, where he purſued his ſtudies with intenſe application. He afterwards made the tour of Switzerland and Italy, and returning to England, on his father's death lived privately, moſtly at Stalbridge and Oxford, during the troubles. He firſt planned the Royal Society, of which Dr. Charleton was alſo one of the firſt members. He applied himſelf chiefly to philoſophical and mathematical ſtudies; and we owe to him the invention of the air-pump. His works are numerous, large, and uſeful; his knowledge was very extenſive, and his virtues worthy of admiration. He died in 1691, aged ſixty-

five, and lies buried in the chancel of St. Martin's-in-the-fields London. He was tall, ſlender, and emaciated, with a pale caſt of countenance, weak eyes, and much afflicted with the ſtone. The delicacy of his conſtitution obliged him to live very abſtemiouſly, and he was a good chriſtian.

His brother was the famous Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, known during the inter-regnum, under the name of Lord Broghill. He was a ſolid ſtateſman, an intrepid ſoldier, and a good writer. He wrote ſome political pieces relating to the affairs of Ireland; beſides eight plays, and ſeveral poems. His firſt play, entitled Henry the Fifth, was dreſſed in cloaths given to the actors by the king and his courtiers. Betterton, who played the part of Owen Tudor, wearing the king's coronation ſuit; that of the Duke of York was worn by Joe Harris, whom we ſhall anon mention as an author, who played King Henry, &c.

The circling ſtreams ————
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honors that he gave.

Dr. William Harvey, an eminent phyſician of the ſeventeenth century, being lecturer of anatomy and ſurgery in the college of phyſicians, communicated his diſcovery of the circulation of the blood in his public lectures of the year 1616, which being afterwards publiſhed to the world in the *Exercitatio anatomica de motu cordis et ſanguinis*, was attacked by Æmilius Pariſanus, who wrote a *Refutatio Harvei*, &c. to which Dr. George Ent printed a reply. He died in his eightieth year, anno 1657.

Theſe ruins ſheltered once, &c.

In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stone Henge to King Charles II. there is the following memorable paſſage, which gave occaſion to the ſix concluding lines of this poem. "I have had the honor to hear from that "oracle of truth and wiſdom, your majeſty's own mouth: you "were pleaſed to viſit that monument, and, for many hours to-"gether, entertain yourſelf with the delightful view thereof, "when after the defeat of your loyal army at Worceſter, Al-"mighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, mira-"culouſly delivered you out of the bloody jaws of thoſe miniſters "of ſin and cruelty."

EPISTLE III.

To the Lady Caſtlemain.

Mr. Dryden's firſt play called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent ſucceſs: The lady whoſe patro-

nage he acknowledges in this epiſtle, was Barbara daughter of William Villiers Lord Grandiſon, who was killed in the king's ſervice at the battle of Edge-hill in 1642, and buried in Chriſt-church in Oxford. This lady was one of Charles II's favorite miſtreſſes for many years, and ſhe bore him ſeveral children. 1. Charles Fitzroy, duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, earl of Euſton and duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, earl of Northumberland; 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordſhire, afterwards earl of Litchfield, and brother to Eleonora counteſs of Abingdon, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the king denied to be his.

This lady was, before ſhe was known to his majeſty, married to Roger Palmer eſq; who was created earl of Caſtlemain, by whom ſhe had a daughter, whom the king adopted, and who married with Thomas lord Dacres, earl of Suſſex.

The counteſs of Caſtlemaine was afterwards created dutcheſs of Cleveland.

EPISTLE IV.

To Mr. Lee on his Alexander the Great.

Nat. Lee, the author of Alexander the Great and ten other plays, ſeemed inſpired with all the enthuſiaſm of a poet. He often writes to the heart; and no man ever touched with more grace and tenderneſs on the paſſion of love. "His thoughts, "ſays Addiſon, are wonderfully ſuited for tragedy; but fre- "quently loſt in ſuch a croud of words, that it is hard to ſee the "beauty of them. There is infinite fire in his works; but ſo "involved in ſmoke, that it does not appear in half its luſtre."

Lee, who was both an author and an actor, was for ſome time confined in Bedlam, being in a ſtate of inſanity; and is ſaid to have periſhed in the ſtreets by night, a coach running over, and cruſhing him to death. Dryden and he were in ſtrict friendſhip.

EPISTLE V.

To the Earl of Roſcommon, &c.

Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roſcommon in Ireland, and a native of that kingdom, was educated under biſhop Hall in England, and was looked upon as one of the moſt hopeful young men of his time. He was captain of the band of penſioners; but gave up his commiſſion, when his private affairs called him

to Ireland, where the duke of Ormond made him captain of his guards. He prevailed upon that nobleman to permit him to resign in favour of a poor, disbanded, gallant officer, who had saved his life in the streets of Dublin, one night when he was set upon by assassins. He died of the gout at Westminster, 1684. He was, according to Fenton, a man strictly religious, serious, solid, scientific, and unaffected; his imagination fruitful and sprightly; his judgment severe; his style clear and nervous; and if he was not always perfect, let us remember no man ever was. Mr. Pope, in the Essay on Criticism speaks thus of him:

" —— Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
" With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
" To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
" And ev'ry author's virtues—but his own."

There are two quarto editions of the excellent poem occasioning these lines, the first of 1680, the second of 1685.

EPISTLE VI.

To the Dutchess of York.

On the twenty first of November 1673, the duke of York was married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handsome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the bishop of Oxford. It was against the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman catholic; and the parliament addressed against it.

EPISTLE VII.

To Sir George Etheridge.

Sir George was at Ratisbon in 1686, at which time these verses were transcribed. In a letter of his to George duke of Buckingham, dated at Ratisbon, October 21, 1689, we have the following passage:

" They tell me my old acquaintance Mr. Dryden has left off " the theatre, and wholly applies himself to the study of the " controversies between the two churches. Pray heaven this " strange alteration in him portend nothing disastrous to the " state; but I have all along observed that poets do religion as " little service by drawing their pens for it, as divines do poetry " by pretending to versification."

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southerne, on his Comedy called The Wives Excuſe.

The ſucceſs of this play was but indifferent; but ſo high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of the laſt act of his Cleomenes; which, Southerne ſays, "when it comes into the world, "will appear ſo conſiderable a truſt, that all the town will par-"don me for defending this play, that preferred me to it."

Mr. Southerne was born in Dublin in 1660, and bred to the law in the Middle-Temple, London; but forſook that dry ſtudy for the more agreeable ſervice of the Muſes. He wrote ſeveral dramatic pieces, none of which now keep the ſtage but Oronooko, and the Fatal Marriage, than which perhaps our theatre poſſeſſes none more affecting. The latter has been lately exhibited at Drury-Lane, with good alterations; and, were it poſſible to add to Mr. Garrick's character as an actor, his performance of Biron, which is rather inſignificant in itſelf, is ſo capital, it would do it. Mr. Southerne died in London in 1746, being a man of religion, œconomy, and virtue.——*Rara avis.*

EPISTLE IX.

To Henry Higden, Eſq; on his tranſlation of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal.

I have not ſeen this tranſlation, and therefore could not fix the date of it exactly; but as our author publiſhed his Juvenal in 1693, it is reaſonable to conclude Mr. Higden's was antecedent to it. This gentleman brought a comedy on the ſtage in 1693, called the Wary Widow, or Sir Noiſy Parrot, which was damned, and he complains hardly of the ill uſage; for the Bear-Garden critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed, and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorſet: Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, and it was uſhered into the world with ſeveral copies of verſes. The audience were diſmiſſed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived ſo much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finiſh it. *See G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets.*

EPISTLE X.

To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve.

England and Ireland both have contended for the birth of this miracle of wit; and that the former is entitled to that honor,

appears from his own information to Giles Jacob, which may be found in his Lives of the Poets. Congreve's firſt play, the Old Batchelor, was reviſed by Dryden, and proved the occaſion of their friendſhip; as it alſo procured the author the patronage of Montague Earl of Hallifax, which was accompanied with appointments in the revenue, valued at above 1200*l. per ann.* The Double Dealer was his ſecond play. He wrote three more, *viz.* Love for Love, the Way of the World, and a tragedy called the Mourning Bride. His comedies are allowed to be the beſt that ever were introduced upon any ſtage. His wit is endleſs and aſtoniſhing, but too redundant; his manners are every where juſt, and his characters are often inimitable copies from life. He died in Surry-ſtreet in the Strand, aged fifty-ſeven, Anno 1728-9, and was interred in Weſtminſter-abbey.

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael, &c.

Julio Romano was the maſter of the great Raphael, who is reckoned the fineſt painter the world ever ſaw.

EPISTLE XI.

To Mr. Granville, on his excellent Tragedy.

George Granville, created baron Lanſdowne in 1711, on the laſt day of the year, was a man of fine parts and poliſhed underſtanding, ſincere, good-natured, and agreeable. His poems are very pleaſing, his verſification being flowing, and his ſentiments extremely refined. He had a great friendſhip for Dryden. The tragedy that gave birth to this poem was acted with applauſe at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in 1696. He wrote alſo a comedy, called the She Gallants, the title of which he afterwards altered to Once a Lover, and Always a Lover; the Britiſh Enchanter, an opera; and ſeveral other pieces. He died in the year 1735.

And in deſpair, their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in the bill.

This ſatire is levelled at the company that played in Drury-Lane, from which the deſpotiſm of the managers had driven Mr. Betterton, who ſtill ſhot

——"a glimmering ray,
"Like antient Rome, majeſtic in decay."

Mr. Dryden's friendſhip for Betterton, who had muſtered up a company, and played at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, cauſed him to write theſe verſes, which were poorly anſwered by George Powell the actor, in a preface to one of his plays.

EPISTLE XII.

To my Friend Mr. Motteux.

Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addreſſed, was born in Normandy, but ſettled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a houſe of ill fame near the Strand, and was ſuppoſed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his Beauty in Diſtreſs is thought much the beſt of them: it was played in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields by Betterton's company in 1698.

That e'en Corneille, &c.

Pierre Corneille, a French dramatic poet of the ſeventeenth century. He found the French ſtage in the moſt wretched ſtate, without order, taſte, or regularity, and he reformed it intirely. "It would be difficult (ſays Racine, ſpeaking of him) to find "another poet poſſeſſed of ſuch extraordinary talents, ſuch ex- "cellent qualifications: the art, the ſtrength, the judgment, the "wit of Corneille. One can never too much admire the ſubli- "mity and conduct of his ſubjects, the vehemence of his paſ- "ſions, the weight of his ſentiments; the dignity, and, at the "ſame time, the vaſt variety of his characters." He was the Shakeſpeare of the French ſtage; but far from being equal to that inſpired bard.

——— ——— *Wycherley in wit.*

William Wycherley, Eſq; one of the moſt agreeable men of Charles IId's age, wrote ſeveral poems, and four plays, *viz.* Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park; the Plain Dealer; the Gentleman-Dancing-Maſter; and the Country Wife. He was intimate with all the men of genius of his time, much admired for his wit and converſation, and beloved by Charles II. from whom he received many ſubſtantial marks of favour. He married a counteſs dowager of Drogheda, which loſt him the king's good graces; and ſhe leaving him involved in a law-ſuit at her death, he was flung into priſon, from whence king James releaſed him. He ſoon after married a young wife with 1500*l.* fortune; but died eleven days after, being ſeventy-five years old.

EPISTLE XIII.

To my honored kinſman John Dryden, Eſq;

This poem was written in 1699. The perſon to whom it is addreſſed was couſin-german to the poet, and a younger brother

of the baronet. That he inherited his mother's fortune, the enſuing lines confirm:

" The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare;
" But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir."

The beginning of this epiſtle is a manifeſt imitation of Horace's ſecond epode:

" Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
" Ut priſca gens mortalium
" Paterna rura," &c.

Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave;
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, &c.

Dr. Gibbons was a phyſician at this time juſtly in high eſteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, phyſician to king William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourne was a nonjuring miniſter.

Garth, gen'rous as his Muſe, preſcribes and gives.

Sir Samuel Garth, a celebrated phyſician, as well as a writer, about the year 1696. He zealouſly promoted the erecting a diſpenſary, or apartment in the college of phyſicians, for the relief of the ſick poor, by giving them advice gratis, and ſupplying them with medicines at a very cheap rate. In this good deſign he was oppoſed not only by the apothecaries with great malevolence, but even by ſome ſelfiſh members of the faculty. It was for this reaſon he wrote a poem in ſix canto's, called the Diſpenſary; the humour and ſpirit of which are admirable. Dr. Garth was one of the Kit-kat club, conſiſting of about forty noblemen and gentlemen, attached to the proteſtant ſucceſſion in the houſe of Hanover. King George I. knighted him on his acceſſion. He died in 1718-19.

" His death (ſays Pope, in one of his letters) was very heroi-
" cal, and yet unaffected enough to have made a ſaint or a phi-
" loſopher famous. If ever there was a good Chriſtian, without
" knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Sir Samuel Garth."

Namur ſubdu'd, is England's palm, &c.

In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a ſiege of one month. The garriſon retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honorable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this ſiege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king.

France —— —— ——
Oblig'd by one ſole treaty to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.

This alludes to the treaty of Ryſwick, concluded the latter end of Sept. 1697, between the allies and France, whereby the latter was obliged to give up Barcelona, Luxemburgh, Charleroy, Mons, Dinant, and, in ſhort, all the places ſhe had ſeized upon during a long and expenſive war.

EPISTLE XIV.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

This epiſtle is not the leaſt admired of Dryden's works: it is a ſort of brief hiſtory of painting, from its birth and progreſs in Greece to the time of Sir Godfrey. This great painter received the firſt rudiments of his art at Lubeck in Germany, where he was born. He removed to the Low Countries, where he ſtudied under the beſt maſters; and compleated himſelf in Italy, upon the deſigns of Titian and Carachi, whom he endeavoured to copy. Not finding his account in hiſtory-painting, for he was of an avaritious turn, he applied himſelf to portraits. He came over to England in 1676. On the death of Sir Peter Lilly he was appointed principal painter to the king. He maintained this poſt, after the deceaſe of Charles II. under James II. and William III. who ſent him to paint the plenipotentiaries at Ryſwick, and knighted him at his return. Queen Anne, at her acceſſion, retained him in her ſervice, and he has painted ſeveral pictures of her. The emperor Joſeph, and his brother the archduke Charles, did him the honor to ſit to him; and he acquitted himſelf ſo well, that he was preſented with a gold chain and medal, created an hereditary knight of the Empire, and ſoon after received the patent of a baronet, under the broad ſeal of Great Britain. He confined himſelf ſolely to the drawing hands and faces; the leſs nice parts of pictures, ſuch as drapery and other ornaments, he left to people who performed under his immediate direction. His pictures are not very ſcarce, nor yet at this time in any great eſteem. He died in 1723. There is a monument to his memory in Weſtminſter-abbey, with an inſcription on it by Pope.

A coal or chalk firſt imitated man.

It is agreed on all hands, that the hint of painting, as well as of ſculpture, was firſt taken from the ſhadow.

———*yet perſpective was lame.*

The art of perſpective was not entirely known to the antients: herein the moderns excel them very much. The moſt perfect piece of antient painting, that has eſcaped the ravages of time

and barbarity, in which the figures want perfecting, is the wedding of Aldobrandini; and if we form our opinion of the merits of the paintings of antiquity upon this and some few fragments, we shall be apt to pronounce them almost strangers to perspective and the *clara obscura*. The paintings found among the ruins of Herculaneum have not, by accounts of such people of taste as have seen them, any excellence that may induce us to change this opinion. They derive their value only from their antiquity, and can scarcely be justly ranked with modern pieces that are really quite indifferent.

Hence rose the Roman and the Lombard line,
One color'd best, and one did best design.

It is said of Raphael, that he excelled all his predecessors, and none of his followers equalled him. He was born at Urbino. His pieces are the most valuable in the world. He died in 1520, universally lamented, in his thirty-seventh year, of a disorder arising from a debauch with the fair sex, which he kept concealed from his physicians. Raphael was well made, mild, affable, and ostentatious, but universally beloved.

Titian was bred at Venice under a famous painter named Bellin, and shewed, from the beginning, a prodigious genius. In a little time it was thought he exceeded his master, and his friends and admirers increased with his reputation. There was soon a vast demand for his works, which were judged to be finished with the highest elegance, and his colouring was particularly beautiful. He was made a knight, and a count Palatine, by Charles V. and died of the plague in 1576.

" En trouva (says Morerri) dans ses pieces cette douceur charmante, cette beauté exquise, & cette grande netteté, qui les rendent des chefs oeuvres de l'art."

Shakespeare, thy gift, &c.

Sir Godfrey Kneller made a present of a good piece of Shakespear, which he drew, to our author.

And Raphael did with Leo's gold.

Pope Leo X. employed Raphael at Rome, and gave him large sums of money. The Vatican was painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo.

EPISTLE XV.

A familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian.

Who Mr. Julian was, I have not been able to find out, or why he is called secretary to the Muses: perhaps the Apollo-club still

ſubſiſted, and this Julian was their ſecretary. The poem is to be found in the ſixth and laſt volume of Miſcellanies publiſhed by Tonſon, with Mr. Dryden's name to it; therefore I have here reprinted it, though I am not of opinion that it was his: it breathes but little of his genius; and beſides there is a ſarcaſm upon him, to which he would never have ſubſcribed, in theſe two lines:

" Leſs art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age;
" That drone has loſt his ſting upon the ſtage."

ELEGIES.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. 1683.

MR. John Oldham, celebrated chiefly for the ſeverity of his ſatires, was ſon of a nonconformiſt miniſter, who educated him at Oxford, where he took a batchelor's degree. Some verſes of his, that were known in the world before the perſon of him who wrote them, brought him acquainted with the Earl of Rocheſter, the Earl of Dorſet, and Sir Charles Sedley, through whoſe means he was introduced to the moſt ſhining men of the age, particularly to Dryden. He had to no purpoſe engaged in the ſtudy of phyſic; and the Earl of Kingſton would have made him his chaplain; but he declined that offer. He died of the ſmall-pox in his 30th year, 1683, at the houſe of that nobleman, who treated him with all the goodneſs of a friend.

On the Death of the Earl of Dundee.

The Earl of Dundee was a man of great valour and many virtues. Being firmly attached, though a Proteſtant, to the intereſt of his royal maſter James II. who had abdicated, and was now in Ireland, he aſſembled a large body of Highlanders, with whom he engaged the army of king William, commanded by general Mackay, at Gillicranky near Dunkeld, and intirely routed them. This victory might have been of very fatal conſequences to the affair of the Prince of Orange at that time, if the gallant Earl had not been killed by a random ſhot; in conſequence of which his friends and adherents loſt all their firmneſs, and retiring before Mackay, who had rallied, could never again be formed into any formidable body. This action happened in 1689, and compleated the ruin of that miſguided monarch's affairs in the North.

This poem is inserted in the third volume of the State Poems, p. 337; not as an original, but a translation from the following Latin piece.

Epitaphium in Vice-Comitem Dundee.

" Ultime Scotorum, potuit, quo sospite solo,
" Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ.
" Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives
" Accepitq; novos, te moriente Deos:
" Illa nequit supereſſe tibi, tu non potes illi,
" Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale.
" Tuq; vale nostræ gentis fortissimæ ductor,
" Optime Scotorum, atq; Grahame vale."

To the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, &c. 1685.

This lady was daughter to Dr. Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy, and a prebendary of Westminster. She died of the small-pox in her twenty-fifth year, on the 16th of June, 1685, being then one of the Dutchess of York's maids of honor. She was a great proficient both in painting and poetry. She drew the pictures of several people of the first quality, with some history-pieces and landscapes. Her poems were collected and printed, after her death, in a thin quarto, with this poem prefixed.

And was that Sapho last, &c.

Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempsychosis, and supposing the soul that informs her body to be the same with that of Sapho's, who lived six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse. Phaon, whom she loved, treating her with indifference, she jumped into the sea, and was drowned.

Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.

Lucian tells us, that a pragmatical fool gave 3000 drachma's for Epictetus's lamp, vainly imagining that studying by its light would indue him with some of its former master's wisdom. Epictetus was a stoick philosopher.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Pope has nearly borrowed this line for his epitaph on Gay:

" In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Her happy pencil drew, &c.

Her excellence in painting landſcapes and portraits is celebrated in this and the enſuing ſtanza, as is her drawing King Charles and his Queen.

But thus Orinda died.

The matchleſs Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was author of a book of poems publiſhed in folio, and wrote ſeveral other things. She died alſo of the ſmall-pox in 1664, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance; but of great virtue, taſte, and erudition, which endeared her to the firſt people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Orrery and Roſcommon, Lady Corke, &c. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends.

To the Memory of Eleonora Counteſs of Abingdon.

It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordſhip's own deſire. The lady whom the poem affects to praiſe, was one of the coheireſſes of Sir Henry Lee of Chichely in Oxfordſhire, and ſiſter to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verſes.

Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face.

When Æneas deſcended to the Elyſian ſhades, he found his venerable father thus engaged:

"At pater Anchiſes." *See the ſixth book of the Æneid, v.* 679.

But when dilated organs let in day.

Children are born blind, and enjoy but little advantage from light till they are five or ſix days old.

On a Lady who died at Bath.

This Lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble ſtone fixed in the wall, together with this inſcription: "Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of "Richard Frampton of Moreton in Dorſetſhire, Eſq; and of

" Jane his wife, ſole daughter of Sir Francis Coffington of " Founthill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died " after ſeven weeks illneſs on the 6th of September, 1698.

" This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her " ſecond ſiſter and executrix, in teſtimony of her grief, affection, " and gratitude.'

ODES, SONGS, &c.

On the young Stateſmen. Written in 1680.

Clarendon had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave looks were a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Danby, and of Bennet Lord Arlington, in the preceding volume.

Lord Clifford was a man of an enterpriſing genius, rendered the more dangerous by the talent of eloquence and ſpirit of intrigue, which he poſſeſſed. He had lively parts; and though ſon to a clergyman, whoſe fortune was indeed confined, he is ſaid to have become a convert to the church of Rome ſome time before the reſtoration, yet he got into the houſe of commons. Clarendon did not much like him, and therefore he cloſed with his lordſhip's enemies. He was made lord treaſurer, through the intereſt of Villiers Duke of Buckingham and his party, and was a zealous declaimer in the popiſh intereſt. It was this that ruined him in 1673; ſo that he was ſoon after diſgraced, through the policy and cunning of Shafteſbury, whom he had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed. Clarendon, Clifford, Bennet, and Danby, were now all out of employment, and the firſt of them dead. The whole management of public affairs was veſted in

Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory.

Lord Sunderland, Sydney Godolphin, and Mr. Laurence Hyde.

Lord Sunderland, this year ſecretary of ſtate, joined Eſſex and Hallifax in oppoſing the bill of excluſion, and declaring for limitations; though he afterwards voted for the former, and was therefore removed. He was a man of intrigue and capacity, afterwards became a Roman catholic; and was prime miniſter to King James II. He is ſuppoſed to have uſed religion only as a pretence to forward, for his own intereſt, the deſigns of the

Prince of Orange, with whom, at the revolution, he was very intimate, and in high favour.

Sydney Godolphin was a Corniſh man of a good family, who, from being one of the King's pages, had raiſed himſelf to the firſt offices at court. He talked little, was clear in his judgment, ſeldom loſt his temper, had few foes, and, though virtuous and religious, is ſaid to have been fond of play and women.

Theſe two joining in every thing with Laurence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rocheſter, here called *Lory*, were at this time eſteemed to be only in the ſecret of managing the King's affairs; and were, ſays Echard, looked on actually and ſolely as the miniſtry. The ſatire of this piece is very ſevere, and very juſt; for never was king under greater perplexities than Charles II. this year, in which his parliament oppoſed him in every thing, and his new miniſters had ſcarcely the courage to ſtand by him: in ſhort, he may be ſaid to have been ſurrounded by foes, without power, friends, or money.

The Fair Stranger.

This ſong is a compliment to the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth on her firſt coming to England. It was never before printed with our author's works.

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

Prologue ſpoken the firſt day of the King's houſe acting after the fire.

This prologue ſhould certainly be the firſt of our author's writing, by the title of it; for the fire happened in 1666, and we find nothing of this kind done by him afterwards till 1674. Beſides, had the fire here meant been any other than that terrible one which happened to the city, it would have been more particularly diſtinguiſhed; but, in my opinion, the conjecture is abſolutely confirmed by theſe lines:

" ——blind unmanner'd zealots——
" Think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
" Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage."

Prologue to the Univerſity of Oxford. 1674.

Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the uſurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the royal family, being left unprovided for at the reſtoration, they applied themſelves to different occupations for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the ſpeaker of this prologue, who had ſerved

his Majesty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, and in great estimation. He was, for many years, reckoned the best actor in the King's company; and our author chose him to speak many of his prologues and epilogues at Oxford, where the London comedians exhibited commonly at the Public Acts, which were very frequently held here after the restoration, before the Whigs and Tories began to disturb the halcion calmness of King Charles IId's reign. These academical Jubilees are looked on as a kind of congratulatory compliment to the accession of every new Prince to the throne.

Prologue spoken at the opening the New House. 1674.

This prologue must certainly have been written for the King's company, which I suppose at this time might have opened their house in Drury-lane. The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,

" 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
" To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
" While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign."

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the siege of Rhodes, and other expensive operas, and who now were getting up Psyche, Circe, &c. That this prologue was written for the King's company is certain from these lines:

" We in our plainness may be justly proud;
" Our royal master will'd it should be so;
" Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show."

Prologue to Circe, acted in 1675.

There were at this time two companies of players, one stiled the *King's company*, which had for some time exhibited at the Red Bull in St. John's-street; then removed to Vere-street, Clare-market; and at length fixed in Drury-lane: the other, called the *Duke's company*, acted under the direction of Sir William D'Avenant in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and then in Dorset-garden. He being dead, the patent fell of course into the hands of his son Charles, who, though but nineteen years old, wrote Circe, a tragic-opera, in hope to regain the town, which crouded to the other house. In this, by the help of rich cloaths, new machinery, and music, he succeeded. The piece was universally liked; and the Earl of Rochester wrote the prologue, which is reckoned a very good one.

This gentleman quitted the flowery paths of poetry for the dry heath of law, which is however much more profitable; and was honored with a doctor's degree by the university of Cam-

bridge. His political pieces gained him great reputation. He was for some time a commissioner of the excise; held a seat in the house of commons under James, William, and Anne; and, in the reign of the latter, was inspector-general of the exports and imports, of which employment he died possessed in 1714, being fifty-eight years old. He left no male heirs.

This prologue is a fine apology for Dr. D'Avenant's youth and inexperience; and by these two lines,

> " Shakespear's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
> " The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor."

we find that Dryden differed from all the late editors of Shakespear, who, in their arrangement of his plays, have put one of his most perfect pieces first; whereas our author tells us, that the tragedy of Pericles prince of Tyre was written before the Moor of Venice.

Epilogue, intended to have been spoken by Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, when Calisto was acted at Court. 1675.

The Earl of Rochester, who hated Dryden, for no other reason but because of his great genius and success as a dramatic writer, recommended Mr. John Crowne to the King to write this mask for the court, which was properly the business of the Laureat, whom his Lordship intended by this preference to mortify. Mr. Crowne was at this time very little known: he had acted as gentleman-usher to an old independant lady ever since his arrival from Nova Scotia, where he was born. Mr. Dennis says, he had a mortal hatred to a court-life, though a strong affection for the king, and that he was alive in 1703. Crowne wrote sixteen dramatic pieces, besides this, none of which are now in esteem.

The persons who performed in this entertainment were the Ladies Mary and Anne, afterwards Queens of England; the Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, who played the part of Jupiter; Mrs. Jennings, afterwards wife to the great Duke of Marlborough, who performed Mercury. The Countess of Sussex; Lady Mary Mordaunt; and Mrs. Blagge, who had been maid of honor to Queen Catharine; the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Viscount Dunblane, Lord Daincourt, Mr. Trevor, &c. were among the dancers: and the attendants, nymphs, were the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Catharine Herbert, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Frazier.

You, mighty Sir, &c.

This part of the prologue is addressed to the King.

Two glorious nymphs, &c.

The Duke of York's two daughters, Mary and Anne.

Epilogue to the Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter.

This play, written by Sir G. Etheridge, was firſt acted in 1676 at Dorſet-garden. "It is, ſays Langbaine, written with great "art and judgment; and is acknowledged by all to be as true "comedy, and the characteas as well drawn to the life, as any "play that has been acted ſince the reſtoration. The author of "it is ſufficiently eminent for his wit and parts, and his talents "in ſound ſenſe, and the knowledge of true wit and humour "are ſufficiently conſpicuous." In ſpeaking of this play before, we ſhould have remarked, that even the ſhoemaker was taken from the life; and that the reputation he gained, by being introduced upon the ſtage, brought him ſuch vaſt buſineſs, that he was ſoon enabled to make an eaſy fortune. Sir George was aware of the perſonal applications that might be made of the characters, and therefore ſome lines in this prologue were written with a view to remove ſuch ſuſpicion.

Epilogue to Mithridates, acted in 1678.

This play was written by Nat. Lee, and acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane in 1678. It has ſufficient tenderneſs in it to force tears from the moſt obdurate ſpectator.

Prologue to the True Widow. 1678.

The True Widow was written by Shadwell, and acted in 1678 at Dorſet-garden. In the year 1690, this ſame prologue was prefixed to a tragi-comedy of Mrs. Behn's, called the Widow Ranter, or Bacon in Virginia.

Prologue to Cæſar Borgia.

This play was alſo written by Nat. Lee, and acted in Dorſet-garden in 1680. Cæſar Borgia was ſon to Pope Alexander VI.

Prologue to Sophoniſba, acted at Oxford in 1680.

Sophoniſba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, written by Nat. Lee, appeared firſt in 1676, at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane; and the author is ſaid not to have done juſtice to the characters either of Hannibal or Scipio, which occaſioned the following ſevere lines from Lord Rocheſter:

" When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
" And Hannibal a whining amorous ſlave,
" I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd fuſtian fool
" In Buſby's hands, to be well laſh'd at ſchool.

Tenth Sat. of Horace imitated.

The beginning of this prologue is taken from Horace's Art of Poetry.

" Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe camanæ
" Dicitur, & plauſtris veniſſe poemata Theſpis," *&c.*

Theſpis, the firſt profeſſor of our art.

Theſpis. He was born in Icaria, a town of Attica. Before his time, tragedy conſiſted only of a chorus, or company of ſingers and dancers, who chaunted hymns to the praiſe of Bacchus. In order to give them time to reſt, Theſpis divided the chorus into two parts, between each of which he introduced an actor, who recited ſomething relative to the ſubject of the tragedy, and his diſcourſe was called an epiſode. Hence this poet is called the inventer of tragedy, as having reduced it into ſome regularity. He carried his company from town to town in a cart, and they colored their faces with lees of wine, or, according to Suidas, with wax and vermillion, that they might reſemble more naturally the ſatyrs, whoſe faces were red and glowing. Æſchylus introduced a ſecond perſon to the epiſode, and Sophocles a third.

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, &c.

Duns Scotus, Suarez, and Thomas Aquinus, are names well known in the ſchools of philoſophy.

Prologue to the Loyal General. 1680.

This prologue is inſerted in the edition or Dryden's works printed in 1743, without any mention made of the piece to which it was firſt prefixed; which I find to be a play called the Loyal General, written by Mr. Tate, and acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1680. Mr. Tate was born in Ireland. Langbaine ſays, though he had wit and parts, he was not above the common rank of poets; for, out of nine plays that he publiſhed, only two of them were his own. We owe to him the altering King Lear as it is generally acted; and from the principal character he lopped off ſome of the moſt beautiful ſpeeches, which have been reſtored by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Barry. He ſucceeded Shadwell as poet-laureat, and died ſoon after the acceſſion of the houſe of Hanover.

——— ——— *the devil and the pope.*

We ſhall ſpeak at large of the ceremony of burning annually the devil and the pope, a few pages farther on.

Epilogue to Tamerlain the Great, a Tragedy. 1681.

This play was acted at Drury-lane in the year 1681; and afterwards before the King at Oxford; the author of it, Mr. Charles Saunders, being then only a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool. Langbaine tells us, he wiſhes well to his Muſe; but cannot allow that he is a poet.

Thus Cowley bloſſom'd, &c.

The famous Abraham Cowley, whoſe fine odes have intitled him to the character of the Engliſh Pindar, publiſhed a collection of poems when he was but ſixteen years old. He was ſon to a grocer in Fleet-ſtreet. The firſt part of his education he received at Weſtminſter-ſchool, where he was entered as a King's ſcholar, and thence removed to Cambridge; but being with ſome others ejected, he retired to St. John's college, Oxford, to complete his ſtudies, and here was preſented with an honorary degree of Doctor of Phyſic. Being a zealous loyaliſt, he followed his royal maſter into exile, to whom he was very uſeful in decyphering letters, and in many other caſes. He died at Chertſey in his forty-ninth year, anno 1667, and was interred in the Abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spencer.

Epilogue to the Earl of Eſſex. 1682.

The Earl of Eſſex, or, Unhappy Favorite, a tragedy, written by Mr. John Banks, a gentleman of New-Inn, who generally hit upon good ſubjects, but cloathed them in bad language, was brought upon the ſtage at Drury-lane in 1682, with vaſt applauſe. We have had lately another play of the ſame name introduced upon Covent-garden theatre by Mr. Henry Jones, in which he has improved both the language and ſubject; and if the former is not always the moſt correct, it is however ſimple and affecting.

Prologue to the Loyal Brother. 1682.

The Loyal Brother, or the Perſian Prince, Mr. Southern's firſt play, was acted at Drury-lane in 1682; a time in which the Tory intereſt, after long ſtruggles, carried all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective againſt the Whigs. Dryden alſo wrote the epilogue. He was at this time

famous for prologue and epilogue writings for which reaſon Southern here begged his aſſiſtance at the uſual price, which was either five or ſix guineas. Dryden refuſed it under ten: the young bard anſwered, it was more than he had ever heard he demanded before. "Ay, (replied the Laureat) but it is not more "than the thing's worth: the players have hitherto had my work "too cheap; and I am reſolved hereafter to be paid for it." He kept his word, and Southern was obliged to give him ten guineas. This tranſaction, however, created an intimacy between them, which ſubſiſted till Dryden's death.

—— —— *Queen Beſs's night.*

At the King's-head tavern, the corner of Chancery-lane, and oppoſite the Inner-Temple-gate, the principal opponents to the court-meaſures and the chiefs of the Whig-party aſſembled, under the name of the King's-head Club, and afterwards the Green-ribbon Club, from ribbons of that colour which they wore in their hats. Here they ſubſcribed a guinea a-piece for a bonfire, in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on the 17th of November, being the anniverſary of Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary pomp; for it was heretofore an annual ceremony, uſually made without any remarkable parade. The proceſſion now conſiſted of one repreſenting the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on a horſe, with a perſon preceding it ringing a bell, to remind people of his murder: then followed a mob of fellows, dreſſed like carmelites, jeſuits, biſhops, cardinals, &c. and ſeveral boys with incenſe-pots ſurrounding an image of the pope, with that of the devil juſt behind him,

"Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn cart."

In this manner they marched from Biſhopſgate to the corner of Chancery-lane, where they committed the inoffenſive effigies to the flames; while the balconies and windows of the King's-head were filled with people of conſequence, who countenanced the tumult; which, the Hon. Roger North ſays, ſtruck a terror upon people's ſpirits. The year of acting the play, to which we have here a prologue, great additions, alterations, and expenſive improvements, were intended to be made in this proceſſion, which was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the ſheriffs of the city; Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the ſtreets all day and the beſt part of the night.

—— — *cry, God ſave him at Whitehall.*

The loyaliſts had reaſon to fear for the King's perſon from

ſuch a riotous mob; wherefore the horſe-guard was drawn up without Temple-bar, and Whitehall, where the King reſided, was planted with cannon.

Five praying ſaints are by the act allow'd.

By the Bartholomew Act not more than five diſſenters were allowed to commune together at one time.

Prologue to the Univerſity of Oxford.

Notwithſtanding King James's religion, there were public acts celebrated at Oxford, by way of compliment, on his acceſſion. Some of the following five prologues and epilogues were ſpoken at this time; and for the reſt, I cannot anſwer, as I find no dates to them.

Epilogue to the Univerſity.

No poor Dutch peaſant, &c.

The complaints of infection here made by our author do not relate to any ſickneſs that had lately reigned in town, but to the vitiated taſte of the people, who preferred in thoſe days, as in the preſent, ſhew to ſenſe, and French dancers, Italian fiddlers, and ſcaramouches, to true rational entertainments, and the beauties of dramatic poetry.

Epilogue, &c. *by Mrs. Marſhal.*

Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with rev'rence know.

This was Dr. Ralph Bathurſt, preſident of Trinity-college, Oxford, a very loyal gentleman, of great character and admirable abilities, who was, I think, made dean of Wells. He wrote ſeveral Latin poems, and an unfiniſhed copy of verſes, printed in Dryden's miſcellanies.

Prologue to the Univerſity.

This prologue appears to me to have been written after Monmouth's defeat, who was aſſiſted alſo by the Earl of Argyle in Scotland, with equal ſucceſs, being taken priſoner and put to death; and perhaps there were ſome diviſions in the dramatic ſtate at the ſame time.

Epilogue to Conſtantine the Great. 1684.

This was a tragedy written by Nat. Lee, and repreſented in 1684 at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane.

— — *Count Tekeli.*

A famous Hungarian commander.

Kind black-ey'd rogues ———

Among the pleaſures which Mahomet promiſed to his followers in paradiſe, one was, that they ſhould enjoy nymphs of amazing beauty, with large black eyes.

Prologue to the Diſappointment. 1684.

The Diſappointment, or Mother in Faſhion, was a play of Mr. Southern's, performed in 1684 at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, and dedicated to the late Duke of Ormond.

Prologue to the King and Queen, on the Union of the two Companies. Written in 1686.

The wanton change of the public taſte, after the introducing operas at the Duke's theatre, began to fall as heavy upon the King's company, as their excellence in acting had before fallen on their competitors. Mr. Betterton, who had a ſhare in the management of the former, finding their expenſive ſtruggles hurted both theatres, projected an union of the companies; whence he hoped to form one company, ſuperior to all that had gone before them, in every reſpect. In this project he ſucceeded; and it was then his merits ſhone with unrivalled luſtre. From this union, Cibber ſays, ſprung the beſt company of actors that ever appeared upon an Engliſh ſtage. He came amongſt them in 1690, and found the chiefs of them were Mr. Betterton, Mr. Mountford, Mr. Kynaſton, Mr. Sandford, Mr. Nokes, Mr. Underhill, and Mr. Lee; Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Tom Dove —— — — —

was, I ſuppoſe, the keeper of a bear-garden.

Prologue to the Princeſs of Cleves. 1689.

The Princeſs of Cleves was a tragedy of Nat. Lee's, played at the Queen's theatre in Dorſet-garden, 1689.

Prologue to Arviragus and Philicia, revived 1690.

This tragedy was firſt acted at Blackfryars in 1639, and revived with ſucceſs in 1690. It was written by Lodowic Carlel, Eſq; a gentleman, who had been groom of the chamber to King Charles the Martyr, and was reinſtated at the reſtoration.

Prologue to the Propheteſs. 1690.

The Propheteſs, or the Hiſtory of Diocleſian, was revived in

1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden, as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its being spoken. King William was at this time prosecuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in these lines:

" 'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
" And the fat spoils of teague in triumph draw,
" His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh."

" This prologue, says Colley Cibber in his Apology, had " some familiar metaphorical sneers at the Revolution itself; and " as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was less par- " donable.

" Go, conqueror of your male and female foes,
" Men without hearts, and women without hose."

These general reflections are illiberal and unworthy of such an inimitable pen: had Dryden considered impartially the character of the men who, he says, are without hearts, he would have talked in a very different strain of a nation which has produced as brave men as ever took the field; of a nation that gave as signal proofs of valour and fidelity, even to the family of the Stuarts, as any that history can produce. It is too often the fate of men of genius to be hurried away by the warmth of imagination, and to paint persons and things not as they are, but as they appear, through the medium of prejudice, or prepossession. And many characters both in history and poetry are through these motives delivered down to us the very contrasts of reality.

Prologue to the Mistakes, &c. 1690.

The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, spoiled by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690.

Epilogue to Henry II. 1693.

This play was acted in 1693. The author of it, Will. Mountford, was also a comedian, of whom Cibber, in his Apology, speaks very highly.

Prologue to Albumazar.

This was an old play, from which Ben. Johnson took the hint of his Alchymist.

Epilogue to the Husband his own Cuckold, &c. 1696.

This comedy was written by John Dryden, jun. our author's

ſecond ſon. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields in 1696, and afterwards publiſhed with a dedication, extremely well worded, to Sir Robert Howard, a preface by Dryden himſelf, and a prologue by Congreve.

Prologue to the Pilgrim, &c. 1700.

This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a ſecular maſque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortune being at that time in as declining a ſtate as his health: they were both ſpoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden's ſatisfaction. See Cibber's Apology, p. 221, of the 8vo. edition. The Pilgrim was written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Quack Mauras, &c.

Sir Richard Blackmore the phyſician, &c. He wrote two long heroic poems of twelve books each, one entitled Prince, the other King Arthur, a paraphraſe upon Job, the Song of Moſes and Deborah, and a new verſion of the Pſalms, which are all glanced at in this prologue; a piece written rather to ſatiriſe him than to treat of the piece to be exhibited, or the occaſion of its being now revived. In ſhort, Dryden has taken care

— — "to damn him to immortal fame."

Nor has Pope neglected to confirm the anathema; for Blackmore is more than once brought on the carpet of the Dunciad.

Epilogue to the Pilgrim.

Dryden in this epilogue labors to throw the fault of the licentiouſneſs of dramatic writers, which had been ſo ſeverely cenſured by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from baniſhment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates; and whom to pleaſe was the poet's buſineſs, as he wrote to eat.

While you have ſtill your Oates, and we our Haines.

We have ſaid enough in a former volume of Dr. Oates. Jo. Haines is well known to all lovers of the ſtage, as a good actor; but by this inſinuation we are to ſuppoſe he was not ſo good a chriſtian. Cibber calls him a wicked wit.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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